The Outlook

OCTOBER 19, 1921

THE OUTLOOK AT THE ARMAMENT CONFERENCE

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT, Secretary of The Outlook Company, and for many years a member of The Outlook's editorial staff, will be in Washington during the deliberations of the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments. Mr. Abbott was The Outlook's representative at the Paris Peace Conference. The interpretation expressed in his illuminating letters from Paris has been more than justified by subsequent events.

As a correspondent at Washington he will have the advantage of possessing a broad understanding of the underlying issues which will confront the Conference and a ripened experience in the journalistic treatment of international problems.

A signed editorial by Mr. Abbott entitled "Japan at the Conference" appeared in last week's issue of The Outlook. This week's issue contains an editorial from his pen entitled "France at the Conference."

THE WEEK

MOBILIZING AGAINST UNEMPLOYMENT

AT present it is estimated that in the United States there are between 3,600,000 and 4,000,000 persons unemployed. This is between three and four per cent of the population. This may not seem to be a large proportion, but it must be remembered that not all the people are employable. It almost seems a contradiction in terms to say that hundreds of thousands are lacking the necessities of life because there is not a sufficient demand for production. The reason is probably twofold. There is something wrong with the means of providing the people with the product of their own labor, and there is also at the same time probably something wrong with the will to work.

One of the functions of the Unemployment Conference, which has been holding its sessions at Washington at the call of the President, has been to collect information about the amount of unemployment in the United States; and another function has been to institute measures to bring relief. The figures of unemployment which we have quoted were laid before the Unemployment Conference by the Department of Labor. The information presented included also the figures of unemployed in principal cities in the United States, which range from 70 in Santa Fé, New Mexico, to 389,400 in New York City. Of course these figures are simply estimates, made with the co-operation of municipal authorities and industrial establishments.

As a measure of relief the National Conference on Unemployment made plans for the establishment of a central agency in Washington to co-ordinate emergency relief of wage-earners out of work throughout the country. There seems to be no intention of engaging the Federal Government in any paternalistic enterprise. The object of this agency will be to promote organization for unemployment relief in communities everywhere. It is expected that when it is publicly known what some communities are doing to bring work that needs to be done within the reach of men who need work other communities will be stimulated to emulation, and that no community will relish the reputation of being a slacker. The whole undertaking is to be on a voluntary basis.

At the head of this agency will be Colonel Arthur H. Woods. As Police Commissioner of New York City under the Administration of Mayor Mitchel he gained a National reputation for his human and efficient dealing with an extraordinarily difficult task. During the war he served overseas, and after the war was put in charge of efforts to help re-establish service men in civil life. His appointment is an earnest of success.

In the meantime Secretary Hoover, in a speech at New York before the American Manufacturers' Export Association, pointed out signs of business recovery, and, while disclaiming any intent to prophesy a boom, said: "We have yet to go through with much readjustment in price levels, but we are definitely on the road."

MEMORABILIA OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE National desire to preserve and protect the heritage of ideals left to the American people by Theodore Roosevelt, which has found expression in the creation of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, is bearing fruit. We do not remember that the contemporaries of any great man have ever made so devoted and concerted an attempt to preserve his works, both material and spiritual, for the benefit of posterity. In the case of Lincoln the brunt of the burden was borne by John Hay and John George Nicolay, but even individuals such as Hay and Nicolay were denied the resources for research which are available for the Roosevelt Memorial Association.

As part of its work the Association is attempting to gather together a complete library of Rooseveltiana designed to include as many original documents and manuscripts as it is able to secure. It has sent out to friends of Theodore

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Underwood

ALASKAN CHILDREN ASSEMBLED BEFORE A MISSION SCHOOLHOUSE

Roosevelt an appeal which has already brought valuable collections of clippings, cartoons, and newspaper files under the guardianship of the Association. Mrs. Roosevelt has herself contributed the manuscript of the speech delivered by Mr. Roosevelt in Milwaukee in 1912 just after he had been shot by a would-be assassin. This manuscript was pierced by the bullet which wounded Mr. Roosevelt. Mrs. Roosevelt has also given the original manuscript of Roosevelt's Spanish War diary. The extracts from this diary which have been published serve as added testimony to the inefficiency of our War Department in 1898. During his lifetime Mr. Roosevelt never hesitated to express his opinion on this subject. It was not his practice to cover up the inefficiencies even of his own party chiefs. We quote here a few extracts from this diary:

> May 6, 1898—Commissioned as Lieutenant-Colonel United States Voluntary Cavalry. Wood as Colonel, by my choice.
>
> May 7—The delays and stupidity of the Ordnance Department surpass belief. The Quartermaster's Department is better, but bad. The Commissary Department is good. There is no management whatever in the War Department. Against a good nation we should be helpless.
>
> May 21—The blunders and delays of the Ordnance Bureau surpass belief. They express us stuff we don't need and send us the rifles by slow freight! There is no head, no energy, no intelligence in the War Department.
>
> May 30—Railway system tends to break down. Interminable delays; no proper facilities for unloading horses, to rest, water or feed, etc., etc.
>
> May 31—Up each night for all night, loading and unloading.
>
> June 3—Reached Tampa in morning. Railway system in wildest confusion. It took us twelve hours to get into camp with our baggage.
>
> June 5—No word can paint the confusion. No head; a breakdown of both the railroad and military systems of the country.
>
> June 6—No plans; no staff officers; no instructions to us. Each officer finds out for himself and takes his chances. We are doing as well as the regular regiments. Have very light baggage.
>
> June 8—Told to go aboard transport. Worst confusion yet. No allotment of transports; no plans; utter confusion.

If this should reach the eye of any friends of Colonel Roosevelt who have not received the appeal of the Memorial Association, we trust that, if they are in possession of any memorabilia, they will communicate with the Secretary of that Association, Mr. Hermann Hagedorn, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City. The Association not only desires gifts, but it also desires to locate and record the existence of all material which may be useful to future historians.

This week's Outlook contains an article by Mr. Hagedorn on "The Roosevelt Country," descriptive of the North Dakota cattle country to which Mr. Roosevelt owed so much of his understanding of human nature.

THE ADVANCE OF ALASKA

A DOCUMENT unusually readable and spirited for an official report is that recently made on the present condition of Alaska by Mr. E. A. Sherman, Associate Forester, who lately visited the Territory as a representative of the United States Agricultural Department in general and the Forest Service in particular. Mr. Sherman finds that the average Alaskan is "prosperous, busy, and optimistic, and isn't looking for sympathy or assistance." An impression has got abroad, he says, that the Alaskan (meaning the white Alaskan) "is doomed to follow in the footprints of the dodo and the two-toed horse." This is because there has been a slight decrease in the population. That was inevitable, first, because the number of Chinese in Alaska has gone down considerably, and, secondly, because the white population of Alaska in the past has been largely a bachelor population.

The typical Alaskan of the last generation was a young fellow who came to hunt for gold and who had no idea of staying permanently in Alaska and did not stay whether he found gold or not. Gradually, however, there has been built up a really permanent population of white people which is increasing in numbers and is showing a smaller percentage of unmarried men than it used to. It is interesting to note, by the way, that Alaska furnished a greater percentage of soldiers to the war than any of the States. Many of these soldier Alaskans never returned to that Territory, but that loss has been largely made up by natural increase. Mr. Sherman puts the case tersely when he says that in the past ten years "Alaska has been changing from a land of bachelor boarding-house shanties to a land of homes." One evidence of this is that the number of women school-teachers in the country has doubled between 1910 and 1920. The last census returns also show a large number of new small towns as compared with the former few large boom mining camps, with Nome alone making up a large part of the population.

An interesting part of the report deals with the Alaskan Indian. Mr. Sherman says:

> Upon first glance at an Alaskan Indian you are immediately impressed with the fact that this man is in fact an Asiatic, and that in his veins probably runs a mixed strain contributed to during past ages by the blood of Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Koreans, and Malays. This shows in his physiognomy, in some of his drawings and tribal customs, in his facility at carving ivory, and in his habits and industry. Compared with the white, the Alaskan "Indian" is not an ambitious worker, but compared with the Indians of the States he is a veritable whirlwind. As a matter of fact, about all the coast Indian of Alaska seems to need in order to civilize him is a job and an opportunity to go to school.

The Indian of Alaska is rapidly adopting industrial pursuits and is sending his children to school and following the customs of the white man. If opportunity for education and employment is offered him, he will aid materially in the development of Alaska.

Altogether, the report indicates commendable activity among the citizens of our far-distant Territory and a hopeful outlook for its future.

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN FEDERATION

BY the union of Honduras, Guatemala, and Salvador a new nation has come into existence which will be known as the Central American Federation. The treaty of union went into effect on October 10. This treaty provides for a government modeled after that of the United States, although the executive

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HANDS OF LITTLE EMPLOYMENT—AND MUCH

Berryman in the Washington Evening Star

BROTHERHOOD OF R.R. TRAINMEN
STRIKE VOTE
GIVE US SOMETHING TO DO
THE JOBLESS ARMY
WE WANT WORK
WE'RE NOT IDLE FROM CHOICE
THE UNEMPLOYMENT CONFERENCE GETS DOWN TO WORK

"HE WILL PROBABLY THINK ONCE MORE"

From Ernest A. Short, Washington, D. C.

Dorman A. Smith in the New London Evening Day

REMEMBER THE STORY OF LITTLE PETER AND THE DIKE?

From Mrs. W. G. Wainwright, New London, Conn.

Reid in the National Republican

WAKING UP

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

"NOW, IF THE VICTIM IS STILL ALIVE, I'LL RESUME THE WORK OF RESCUE"

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Underwood

A YANKEE PLAYER STEALING HOME—A FEAT SELDOM ACCOMPLISHED IN A WORLD SERIES GAME

International

GOVERNOR MILLER, JUDGE LANDIS, AND MAYOR HYLAN AT THE OPENING GAME

system of the new Republic bears a closer resemblance to that of the Swiss Federation of Cantons. The executive power is given into the hands of a Federal Council, composed of popularly elected delegates, every State in the Union electing one Councilman and one alternate for terms of five years. Alternates are permitted to enter into the deliberations of the Council, but have no vote. The Councilmen choose from among their number a President and a Vice-President to hold office for one year. These officers cannot succeed themselves.

The plan for the union of these three republics was originally designed to include Nicaragua and Costa Rica. Costa Rica signed the Compact of Union, but it was rejected by her National Assembly by a narrow margin. Nicaragua refused to sign the Compact because of differences of opinion with the other Central American states concerning the interpretation of the Bryan-Chamarro Treaty. This treaty gives the United States special rights for the construction of a new interoceanic canal through the territory of Nicaragua.

THE ANNUAL NEWS FROM THE HUNTING FIELD

EVERY fall as the hunting season opens items begin to appear in the daily press of which the following is a fair sample:

MISTAKEN FOR DEER, KILLED

GUILFORD, Me., Oct. 3.—While hunting to-day, Earl Locke, of Skowhegan, was shot and killed by John French, who mistook him for a deer.

The comment on such an item need only be of the briefest.

Maine, like some other States in the Union, has no buck law, an omission which threatens the future of its deer hunting and the life of any hunter who ventures into the woods where everything brown that moves is fair game. When the law provides that only bucks shall be killed, the hunter must stop and discriminate before he shoots. A buck law saves the life of Earl Lockes and prevents John Frenches from suffering the unforgetable grief of having killed through carelessness a fellow-human.

THE WORLD SERIES

IN the arrangement of their schedule for the World Series baseball players and managers show a singular lack of regard for the editors of weekly newspapers. The first press day after the World Series begins comes when the games are only half completed. And when the second press day comes round the series has already passed into baseball history. We suspect that we shall have to content ourselves this year with recording the fact that as we go to press the games of the present series are evenly divided between the Yanks and the Giants. We shall be forced to let our readers glean the final tidings from some obscure corner of their favorite daily paper. What with the approaching Disarmament Conference at Washington, the deliberations of the Senate on the Treaty, and the Nation-wide interest in the problems of the unemployed, practically all news concerning the World Series has been crowded out of the press this year. It has been a hard situation for the rabid fan to confront.

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MARION HOLLINS, WOMAN GOLF CHAMPION

A WORD ABOUT GOLF

A VALUED contributor to The Outlook, Theodore H. Price, editor of "Commerce and Finance," thinks golf is a dreadful game, and has recently published in his admirable and readable periodical a broadside attacking golf because of its dangerous qualities. He thinks that a good many middle-aged and elderly men have shortened their lives by playing this fascinating game. We do not at all agree with him. Middle age has its need of exercise as well as youth, and there is no outdoor sport so well adapted as golf to the exercise of the middle-aged.

It is our opinion that golf has a moral as well as a physical value. No man can play golf well who has not cultivated self-control and self-restraint.

In one of the most entertaining books on golf that has ever been written, the author of which was the delightful "Cigarette," the companion of Robert Louis Stevenson on his memorable and

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ever-refreshing "Inland Voyage," there is related a story which is apropos. A Scotch golfer had a genius for the game which was ruined by an ungovernable temper. Every now and then on a day when he was off his game he used to break his clubs across his knee and stalk off the course. These paroxysms grew upon him until his friends thought they really ought to interfere. One day during one of these episodes a friend ventured to interfere in protest. The enraged golfer retorted: "Isn't it better to break your dashed clubs than to lose your dashed temper?" He had the right idea, but the wrong method.

SOME INTERESTING GOLFING NEWS

THE foregoing comment is really by way of preface to the statement that as the golfing season draws to a close in northern latitudes the statistics show that golf, which is pre-eminently a British if not a Scottish game, has been adopted with enthusiasm and success in the United States. To be sure, Americans failed to bring back the British amateur championship, but the British amateur champion, Mr. Willie Hunter, came over to this country with the hope of beating the Americans on their own soil as he had beaten them on his. He failed of his object, however, and although he played a beautiful game he was defeated and the American championship was won by a golfer who was brought up as a boy on a New Hampshire farm. We think statistics would show that most golf champions have been country-bred. This is probably true, and we should be interested to get the facts about Miss Cecil Leitch, the British woman amateur champion. Miss Leitch is believed by experts to be one of the greatest woman golfers that the history of the game has known. She has been a champion more than once. A group of the best American women players went to Great Britain this summer, with the hope of wresting the championship from Miss Leitch. They failed to do so. Miss Leitch made a return visit, won the Canadian championship, and was generally expected to add the American championship to her list of honors. She was beaten, however, by a lady from Chicago who said afterwards that for the first three holes she was so nervous at the thought of playing this superwoman golfer that she could hardly see the ball. But—this confirms our judgment that golf has a moral as well as a physical quality—she got herself under control and beat Miss Leitch handily. There were two or three British women besides Miss Leitch in this championship tournament, but they were all beaten, and the final round was played by Miss Alexa Stirling, of Atlanta, Georgia, and Miss Marion Hollins, of Westbrook, Long Island. Miss Hollins, who has played a superior brand of golf for several years, was the winner and is now the woman golf champion of the United States.

In a recent eloquent and exceedingly readable address made at Mount Holyoke College by Miss Cary Thomas, the distinguished President of Bryn Mawr College, the speaker deplored the fact that, while women have gained much in recent years in their right to be judged by their merits and not by their sex, they are still excluded in many places from association with men on an equal footing. As an example of this unfair disqualification she mentioned the American Academy of Arts and Letters, which does not admit women members. The same complaint can be made of the English "Who's Who," a very useful catalogue and reference book of Britons who have done worth-while things for their country. In the midst of writing this comment we went into The Outlook library, confident that we should find out in the English "Who's Who" whether Miss Cecil Leitch is Irish or English, but her name does not appear in the book at all. This is rank injustice. Miss Leitch has done more to promote a feeling of friendship among the English-speaking peoples than many ambassadors, and she can beat a good many male Britishers whose names are recorded in the English "Who's Who" with the added statement that their chief recreation is golf.

FRANCE AT THE CONFERENCE

OF the Powers to be represented at the Conference in Washington to discuss the limitation of armaments the one with the greatest army is France. The French army is great not only in numbers, not only in arms, but also in its fighting quality. Great Britain's army, except for the forces engaged in maintaining order within the Empire, is but a shadow of its former self. The American army that numbered two million men in France three years ago is virtually disbanded. Japan's army is a powerful body of men, but unseasoned in modern warfare. The German army is, for the present at least, scattered and disarmed. Among the armies of Europe—and that means of the world—the army of France is to-day the most formidable.

In his book "The Truth About the Treaty"[1] André Tardieu, formerly French High Commissioner to the United States and confidential adviser to Clemenceau, recognizes the suspicion which the size and power of the French army excite in the minds of those who are not friendly to France. "France is to-day," he says, "the principal Power of Continental Europe. That is enough for some to accuse her of imperialism."

If such an accusation could be answered by an epigram, it might be sufficient to use the words of Clemenceau quoted by Tardieu: "Germany enslaved herself to enslave others. France frees herself to set others free." The fact remains, however, that, after winning a great war of liberation, France does not follow the example of her closest allies in almost complete demobilization, but retains a great army in active service.

It is not enough to point out, as Tardieu does, that France, unlike some of her allies, has sought for sovereignty over no alien people; or to protest that a nation which has suffered from war as France has suffered hates war; or to argue that the policing of Europe, largely shirked by others, has devolved upon France. The question still remains, Why should a country that hates war and seeks no alien subjects be readier than others to bear the chief burden of enforcing the Treaty? It was France that was most insistent upon putting into the Treaty the provisions that make its enforcement burdensome. Did she skillfully devise those provisions in order that she might have a good reason for maintaining the strongest army in Europe? In maintaining this army has she some purpose that threatens the just freedom of other countries? Has there been reawakened in the French people something of the Napoleonic ambition? These are questions that have risen not only in pro-German minds, but also in minds eager for a "New World Order" which will dispense with great armaments and replace national ambitions and rivalries with international or denationalized co-operation.

Certainly any discussion of the general reduction, or even limitation, of armaments must at once concern itself with France.

If Canada were a Germany of nearly two hundred millions, perhaps we Americans would understand the position of the French better. But European history has been to most Americans not a personal experience but mainly a schoolroom task. In spite of steam and electricity, distance still is a bar to knowledge and understanding. Dr. E. J. Dillon, the gifted British press correspondent, tells several stories which illustrate the fact that even so-called statesmen are not clear in their minds about certain matters of geography and history. One of the principal plenipotentiaries at the Conference expressed to Dr. Dillon his amazement at the mad-

[1] The Truth About the Treaty. By André Tardieu. Foreword by Edward M. House. Introduction by Georges Clemenceau. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $4.

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ness of the spokesmen of the smaller states in gathering around a strip of territory like a flock of birds of prey; and he gave as an example the territory of Silesia. He could understand the clamor of the Poles and the Germans for it; but he asked, "How in Heaven's name did the Armenians come to claim it? Just think of it," he exclaimed, "the Armenians!" It turned out that this statesman had confused Silesia with Cilicia. Another high official remarked to a Polish commission that they must get permission of Italy if they wanted to ship foodstuffs to Dantsic, because Italy had command of the Mediterranean. When statesmen find that geographical distances are too much for their mental operations, perhaps we more common folk may be pardoned if we brush up our history.

In 1864 Prussia was still a comparatively poor and small country of some eighteen million people. She had grown, it is true, from a little province to a kingdom, had wrested Silesia from Austria, had seized Polish territory, had gained control of the Rhenish Provinces and a half of Saxony, but she had thus far grown only at the expense of German neighbors and the Poles. Then in 1864 she started on a course which in six years made her a world power, under Bismarck's unscrupulous but highly intelligent policy of blood and iron. She conquered and annexed the Danish provinces of Slesvig and Holstein, overwhelmed Austria, and brought under control first a number of the German-speaking states of the North, and then some of the South German states. Having secured by unprincipled diplomacy the neutrality of other Powers, Prussia invaded France. For years afterwards most of the world, including America, believed that the provocation came from France, and that the victory signalized by the crowning of the newly made German Emperor as conqueror at Versailles was the triumph of virtue over vice, education over ignorance, sturdy youth over corrupt old age. The fact is that Prussian militarism had succeeded in suppressing the spirit of democracy and revolution which had brought new life with all its turmoil but also had weakened the resistance temporarily of other European nations, France included. As Professor Douglas Wilson Johnson, of Columbia University, has expressed it, during five centuries the Hohenzollern dynasty "consistently and efficiently progressed toward the ultimate achievement of a single ideal, while more liberal governments have blundered in confusion through disastrous revolutions and profound changes of national policy." So 1870 found Prussia strong, France weak. And Prussia's methods in making war were in 1870, as in 1914, the methods of the autocrat. Ferrero, the Italian historian, has described those methods of Bismarck as follows:

> France was attacked, exactly as the wolf attacked the lamb in the fable, on the pretext that either now, or a year hence, or in ten years, or in a century, she would certainly attack Prussia if Prussia did not spring suddenly at her throat. The Germans themselves admitted this, not without complacent smiles, as soon as victory had relieved them of the burden of the war. The intrigues which led to the candidature of a Hohenzollern for the throne of Spain, the laborious diplomatic negotiations of which this candidature was the subject, the duplicity exhibited by Prussia, the dinner at which Bismarck in the presence of Marshal von Moltke and General von Roon—and to their great delight—altered the dispatch which was destined to be known in the chronicle of human wickedness as "the Ems Forgery," are the commonplaces of history.

In the terms which the Germans dictated there was no mercy. They took from France two of her richest provinces, Alsace and Lorraine. They compelled her to pay what the Germans believed to be as great a tribute as they could extort. For twenty years the French were forced to remain helpless and isolated without an ally. They saw their conquerors grow rich under the rule of a military Emperor. When, in 1892, they found an ally in Russia, they renounced in their pledge to their ally any purpose of seeking to regain the provinces that had been stolen from them. All the while over the French hung the threat of another German invasion. Each time the German war lord rattled his saber France yielded; and each time Germany gained in confidence and arrogance. Meantime, Germany organized herself as an aggressive commercial and military Power. She abandoned the practice of maintaining a professional army, and, instead, made an army out of her population. In self-defense other nations felt compelled to follow Germany's example. Just as the United States would at once arm and train its people for war if there appeared on its frontier an armed nation of almost twice its size, so France was forced to imitate her next-door neighbor's military policy. Never, however, did France go as far as Germany did. Germany subordinated everything to military policy. She built her railways for strategic purposes. She developed her industries with a view to their use in war. France refused to follow her so far. Nevertheless France had no alternative to engaging in a competition of armaments. It had been made clear by the war of 1870 that, as Ferrero expresses it, "any state could at pleasure attack its neighbor on any specious pretext, annex its territories, impose indemnities, and humiliate it, in the certainty that, if it proved to be the stronger, it would be admired and applauded by all the world. . . . The years which followed 1870 were for Europe years of mutual distrust, of continual alarms and anxious vigilance. . . . The new peace . . . was the result of an inextricable mixture of fear, distrust, and suspicion. It was based on alliances which lasted long but had little sincerity, on simulated friendships, and hidden enmities. . . . Thus, in the vicious circle of the German peace, began the unlimited rivalry in armaments which was a new phenomenon in history after 1870."

During all this time France remained patient and self-restrained. "The Third Republic," to quote Ferrero again, "has made many mistakes, but Posterity will credit it with the tremendous merit . . . of never letting itself be drawn by German provocation into assuming before the world responsibility for a new war. . . . If it had gone to war, however just its quarrel, it would have been abandoned to its powerful enemy. . . . Forty years had not taught Europe to realize that France was the keystone of European equilibrium and Europe would undoubtedly have left her to perish, only to repent bitterly when it was too late."

So long did this peace of fear continue that France relaxed her guard. Tardieu gives the figures which show how little heart France had in this military competition. "From 1900 to 1910," he says, "the head of every German family has paid twenty-five per cent more towards the upkeep of the army than the head of every French family." And to compare the increase of military expenditure of the six great European Powers in the thirty years from 1883 to 1913 he gives the following table:

	Per cent.
France	70
Italy	108
Austria	111
Russia	114
England	153
Germany	227

It was when France, as well as the United States and to a very considerable degree Great Britain, was under the control of pacifists that Germany launched her great army once more against France. It is needless to recite here the evidence, made familiar by repeated publication, of the cold deliberation with which Germany planned her expedition for the dominance of Europe and the world. It was an attempt to repeat the hoodwinking diplomacy of 1870, but, being in less skillful hands, it did not succeed in fooling all of the people all of the time. It was therefore clear that France was not the aggressor but the

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victim. Nevertheless, had she depended solely upon the aid of others she would have perished. She had her army, and, although she had to see her land overrun by the Boche, she was able almost unaided to turn the Boche back at the Marne. What France, though surviving, suffered may be told, but not pictured or really represented, in figures. According to Tardieu, who may be accepted as an authority, France lost in the war 1,364,000 killed, 740,000 mutilated, 3,000,000 wounded, and 490,000 prisoners; she had at the front in the fifty-second month of the war 350,000 more men than in 1914, and, in spite of the loss of territory containing most of her mineral resources, increased the output of war materials by nearly 1,500 per cent. No one, however, unless he has been over the devastated regions, can have any conception of the wound made upon not merely the body but the soul of France. It is sometimes said that we should forget the horrors of the war. France is not going to forget those horrors for the present, whatever advice she receives; and as long as she remembers those horrors she is going to try to avoid any recurrence of them.

In order to protect herself, she might conceivably choose, if choice were free to her, any one or more of five means.

She might choose to disrupt Germany, to reduce her to impotence by letting her dissolve into the fragments which Prussia, for purposes of conquest, had pieced together.

Or she might establish a frontier on the Rhine so that any new invasion could be resisted, not on the Marne, with a vast injury of French territory, but at the Rhine itself, where the Germans could experience the consequences of their own aggression.

Or she might seek and secure a strong defensive alliance with Powers able and ready to come to her defense.

Or she might retain and develop the great army built up during the war.

Or she might, conceivably, seek protection from her enemy by an alliance with him.

Is there other means which has been open to France that could reasonably be proposed to the world as a further alternative? If so, I do not recall it. It is true that people have suggested that the real solution is for Germany and France to live in amity. That, however, is not a course that is open or likely to be open to France. It is true that there was devised a League of Nations to establish a new world order. But, so far, the value of that League for the protection of France exists solely in its function as an alliance, and it has not yet proved itself likely to become for that purpose strong and adequate.

Let us, then, examine these five means and see where France "gets off."

Whether the policy of seeking the dissolution of the German Reich, as the German Republic still calls itself—a significant name which is camouflaged by being translated "Commonwealth"—can be justified in morals or by expediency it is hardly worth while to discuss, since it was not adopted at a time when it might have proved effective and is apparently not likely to be adopted by, or with the approval of, the Powers whose co-operation would be essential. In my judgment, the detachment of the other German states from Prussia would have been a great service to the world, including the German people themselves; but France has not been able to bring it about. That means, therefore, may be dismissed as out of the question.

Whether, too, the policy of establishing Germany's western frontier on the Rhine would have been a wise one it is now useless to discuss. Very few people in France really would have welcomed that solution, for, if no buffer state were created, it would not only have brought unwilling and troublesome aliens under French rule but would have established an unwelcome German group in the French Parliament. That, too, having been discarded in the process of making the new frontiers as the Treaty was framed, may be dismissed.

There remains to France a choice which seems reasonable and just. This is the establishment of a permanent alliance coherent and strong enough to withstand any conceivable renewal of the military attack upon France. That the League of Nations itself lacked some of the elements essential to this form of defense was acknowledged by even the most vigorous advocate of the League, President Wilson. As a consequence, it was proposed by President Wilson that America and Great Britain specifically pledge themselves to come to the aid of France in case of an unprovoked attack upon her. Through no fault of France, that alliance has never been completed. The Treaty by which it was to be created reposes still unratified in the archives at Washington. There is no present indication that it will ever be revived. It has been suggested that the same effect might be secured by the promulgation of a new doctrine—that any recurrence of such unprovoked assault upon a free people as occurred in 1914 would be regarded by the United States as an unfriendly act. It is not altogether unreasonable to regard a statement by President Harding in his Inaugural Address as virtually the promulgation of such a doctrine, enlarging the scope of the Monroe Doctrine so as to remove from it its geographical limits. But such a doctrine, however welcome to France, cannot at this stage be reasonably offered to her as a protection equivalent to fortresses. At one time it seemed that the neutralization of Belgium would serve as a sure barrier. France has experienced the result of faith in this sort of protection, and she cannot be blamed for seeking something which experience has proved more valid.

There remain, therefore, only two choices left. An adequate army or an alliance with the enemy.

I do not forget that France by regaining Alsace-Lorraine is no longer open to flank attack, which nearly defeated her in 1914; but it must be remembered that in 1870, when she was defeated, she still had those provinces. I do not forget that her allies still stand beside her along the Rhine; but that is a protection that is temporary and does not relieve France of a great burden of military expense. I do not forget that the German fleet is destroyed and the German colonies are gone. So far as Great Britain is concerned, Germany's loss of her colonies and her fleet not only provides an adequate protection but removes a dangerous competitor; but, as Clemenceau pointed out with frankness to Lloyd George, that leaves the Continental countries bearing the total remaining burden of the war.

If we deny to France the relief that would come to her through the disruption of Germany or from the establishment of Germany's western frontier on the Rhine, or the protection of a definite treaty of alliance, shall we say to her, You must abandon your army and throw yourself into the arms of your enemies? An alliance is not necessarily between friends. During all the period of the Triple Alliance Italy's greatest enemy was her ally Austria. The only protection she could secure against a possible attack of Austria upon her was the sort of agreement which bound her to her enemy as an ally. It is not impossible that circumstances may force something of the same sort upon France.

If we want France together with other nations to reduce her armaments, France at the forthcoming Conference may be expected to ask for an adequate substitute.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

SPORT WRITERS AND FOOTBALL

THERE is an article in this issue of The Outlook which all lovers of football will do well to read. It is an article by a man who has played the game and who hopes devoutly for its preservation. Nevertheless he sees

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in certain present-day tendencies a menace to the character of the game.

It seems to us that a very large share of the blame for this menace, and it undoubtedly exists, can be laid at the doors of the sporting writers of the daily press. With certain honorable exceptions, many of these writers seem to bring to their discussion of the game a racetrack background. It is not that they do not write pleas for clean sport, not that they do not condemn foul play, not that they do not protest against the playing of ineligibles, but that their whole interest seems to be concentrated on "dope" concerning the winners. They figure out mythical championships where championships cannot possibly exist. They delight in gossip concerning quarrels between coaches and players, and they magnify the importance of these quarrels in a way which is likely to distort the point of view of immature minds. Immediately consequent to such a treatment of this great American game comes the danger from professional gamblers. We do not know of any instance where professional gambling has reached out to affect the integrity of players—the man who has the moral courage to play football is not generally the type of man who would be affected by temptation from such a source, and he is generally of a physical character which would render an unwelcome offer dangerous to the tempter—but the possibility of such corruption exists and it is not decreased by sport writers who fail to comprehend the amateur spirit.

Colleges with a history and tradition certainly do not object to possessing winning teams, but they are infinitely more interested and concerned with the annual games with their dearest rivals than they are with the attempt to rate their standing in the broad field of American football. Intersectional games are an excellent thing in so far as they contribute to intersectional sympathy and understanding, but if they are to serve as food for football dopesters they may be worth less than they cost. We suggest that the sport writers take these facts into consideration in their treatment of the game which means so much to American colleges and schools.

THE ROMAN QUESTION

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

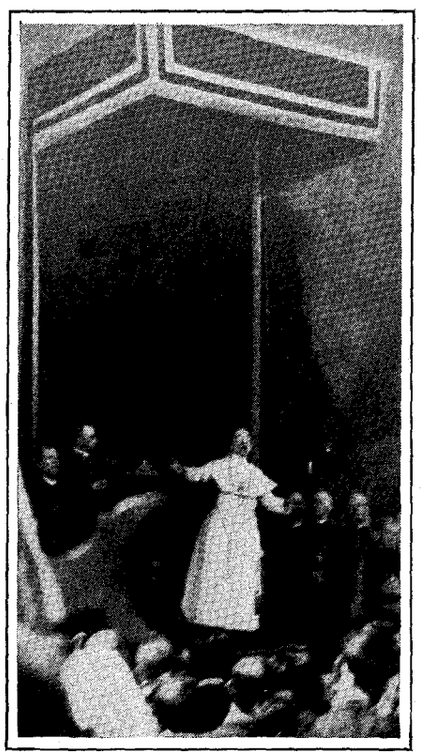
THE air of Rome is full of strange reports of attempts to solve the baffling "Roman question." There have been many efforts in the past four decades to reconcile the Vatican and the Quirinal. But so far they have all been ended by the "*Non possumus*" of each succeeding Pontiff.

The late King Humbert himself spoke to me one day, at a private audience in the Quirinal, of his desire to be on good terms with the Vatican.

"If the Holy Father," he assured me, "left his palace, he would have no need to fear insult. Indeed, I feel convinced that my own Cabinet Ministers would be quite willing to escort him through the streets."

It is no secret that, despite his rights and wrongs, Pope Pius IX always had an affection for "*il Re Galant 'uomo.*" When Victor Emmanuel I was on his deathbed, Pope Pius almost broke through his own rigid rule to administer the last sacraments in person to his stricken rival. And shortly after, on assuming the tiara, Pope Leo XIII had for a moment at least—or so it is said—been tempted to bestow his benediction on the crowd outside St. Peter's; which would have meant his recognition and forgiveness of the Italian "usurpation."

The Dowager-Queen Margherita, always a good Catholic, tried often, in an unofficial way, to induce Pope Leo to make peace with Humbert. For years and years men who stood well with both the "Blacks" and "Whites" of Rome bore messages between the rival monarchs. There was a time when it seemed almost probable that Leo would have acceded to the wishes of the Italian King. The terms on which an agreement was suggested included the concession to the Vatican of a small strip of land between Rome and Civita Vecchia as an assurance that, in case he should be threatened by his enemies, the Pope could leave his palace and transfer his headquarters to Spain or Austria, or, possibly, to America.



THE POPE ADDRESSING YOUTHFUL CATHOLICS

To-day the old quarrel between Pope and King has lost much of its bitterness. But at the Vatican the cry is still "*Non possumus,*" and it is doubtful whether for long years to come the much-hoped-for truce, or peace, will come to pass.

Meanwhile, though, some important things have happened. The Italian Catholics now take part in all elections. The Pope has sent a nuncio to Paris. And, while in theory still a "prisoner in the Vatican," Pope Benedict is in the closest touch with the whole outer world. He doubtless knows, as his great forerunner Pope Leo knew, as Cardinal Gibbons always realized and sometimes said, that, stripped of temporal authority as he might be, the spiritual power meant vastly more than a few hundred trifling miles of hills and plains. In theory the Vatican feels forced to protest against the seizure of its lands and monasteries by Italy. But it is not so eager as it used to be to exchange the reality of power for the mere shadow of what once was really sovereignty.

In answer to some recent half-veiled overtures of the Italian Government, the official organ of the Vatican, the "Osservatore Romano," declared not long ago that it could only talk of peace if the Italians asked for it in a spirit of humility and absolute penitence. It also hinted that, as a condition of an eventual settlement, the effective sovereignty of a small Roman state would have to be recognized. But at the close of what was, for the Vatican, a kindly utterance the "Osservatore" went out of its way to allude discreetly to the attempts of those who would be peacemakers. And this was what it had not done till now. Its attitude had always been opposed to compromise.

There is to-day an important group of Catholic Deputies in the Italian Parliament, and, though outnumbered greatly, they possess some influence. The feeling of the masses none the less is rather hostile to the Church. And it has not been tempered by an unfortunate riot which took place two days ago at the famous café known as the Aragno, the center of the political life of Rome. The riot I refer to was stirred up by the provocation of a noisy group of Catholic gymnasts who, after entering the café, had raised shouts of "*Viva il Papa—Re!*" which led to violent scenes and to

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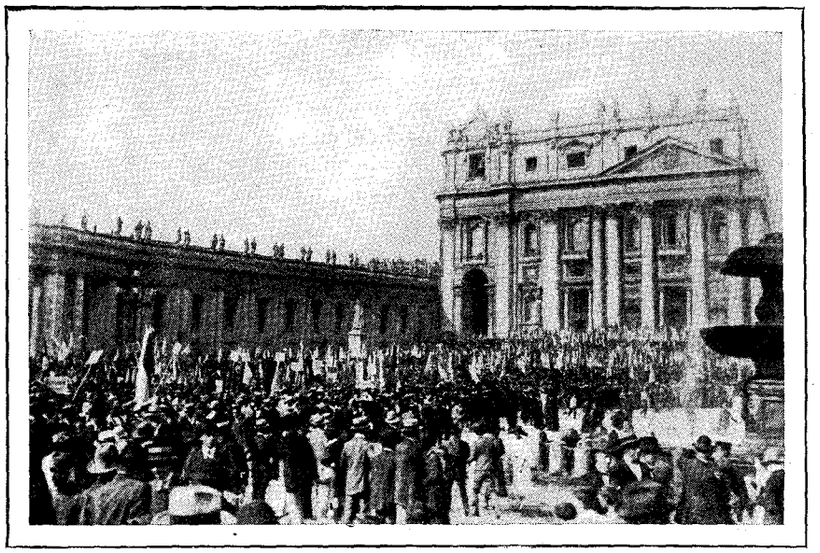
the intervention of the Italian troops near by. No bones were broken and no blood was shed. But for a short time things looked rather ugly. Now, as a consequence of this untimely incident, the Government has given orders which forbid the projected celebration at the Colosseum, *al fresco*, of a solemn mass, which was to have been followed by a great parade of youthful Catholics and a demonstration in Pope Benedict's honor at the Vatican.

These matters have not helped the would-be peacemakers, who are doing what they can—it is not much—to promote friendliness between the rival Kings in Rome. The Pope, however, may console himself. For in the gardens of the Vatican, in front of the Lourdes Grotto, he yesterday gave audience to some thirty thousand Catholics, who had marched in procession to the Papal palace. The passage of the various clubs and organizations through the streets of Rome caused some commotion. Flags were displayed at many points by Catholic sympathizers and hymns were sung and loud demands were made for the resignation of the Italian Ministers. On reaching the headquarters of the Freemasons the processionists lost self-control, and it was not till many heads had been much damaged that order was to some extent restored by the authorities—guards and police.



"SOME THIRTY THOUSAND CATHOLICS MARCHED IN PROCESSION TO THE PAPAL PALACE"

Distressing though perhaps it was to some, to casual onlookers it had its charm. It was of course immensely picturesque and took one back to the long-vanished days when every Roman bowed to every Pope. I may add that the Italian guards showed great good temper till they were at last forced to stop the uproar.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

Rome, September, 1921.

THE GERMAN MENACE TO FRANCE

A STATEMENT BY GENERAL TAUFFLIEB, OF THE FRENCH ARMY

A CERTAIN part of the press of the two worlds, whose inspiration is English or German, has undertaken to convince public opinion that the virus of imperialism has been expelled from Germany and now infects France, whose mad ambitions endanger the universe. Whoever has visited our country (France) and studied its soul knows that all our aspirations are essentially pacific. We have suffered too much from the war to let ourselves go, intoxicated by the wine of victory. Anæmic by reason of the torrents of blood we have poured forth, we are busy only with binding up our wounds.

We are so little a militaristic nation that we keep an army only because we have no other safeguard against the dangers that constantly threaten us. Far from wishing to extend our power and trouble the peace of the world, our only wish is to reduce to an absolute minimum the duration of military service and to make in our military budget the reductions forced upon us by our financial and economic exhaustion. It is the first time in history that a victorious people has turned with such singleness of purpose towards the works of peace. The contingent which every year before the war thronged our military schools is being constantly reduced; our young men are turning from the profession of arms to consecrate all their activity to industrial and colonial enterprises.

What is happening in Germany? I have just completed a tour of inspection in the Rhine country, which, combined with what I have learned in Alsace, where all eyes are open to the activities of their eastern neighbor, leaves no doubt in my mind as to the aims of our eternal enemies.

The Reich has preserved all the machinery and all the personnel of the War Department just as it was before 1914. The same purposes animate the administration. Despite the promises, renewed twenty times by the Government of the Republic, an immense war material has been retained. Despite all the obstacles placed in their way, the officers of the Allies, acting in accordance with the Treaty of Versailles, come from time to time upon hidden stores of arms and munitions. These are of course destroyed, but never are those responsible for this infraction of the Treaty punished by the German authorities.

Some weeks ago, at Fosheim, one thousand officers, including twenty-seven generals, listened to a lecture given by an officer from Berlin, the theme of which was the probable and approaching war with France. The mobilization of the German forces, planned in every detail, would be effected quickly, and munitions would be ready, though on this last point exact information was given to the generals alone.

The Reichstag has voted a law to establish universally courses in physical training, lasting from one to two years, for all young men under twenty-five. Under an inoffensive name it has in reality created a complete system of intensive military training.

No, the German army is not dissolved. The objectives are the same as in 1914, threatening the independence of Belgium, France, and all nations upon which Germany wishes to wreak its vengeance. The credulous souls that affirm that the Government of Wirth is fundamentally pacific and democratic are the dupes of a dangerous comedy.

From my tour in the Rhine country I return convinced that Germany is preparing actively for a war of revenge which will break out the day after the Allied troops shall have come back across the Rhine. It is of the greatest importance that the American forces do not abandon the front held by them together with the English, Belgian, and French soldiers. Their nearness to their brothers-in-arms develops and strengthens the friendship born on the field of battle. Their departure would have consequences of incalculable range. The Germans would interpret it as a proof that thirty-eight million French were once more abandoned in face of 60 million Germans; that the hour had come for destroying all treaties and recommencing "the fresh and joyous war" upon which the Huns have tried throughout their history to base their prosperity and their grandeur.

GENERAL TAUFFLIEB.

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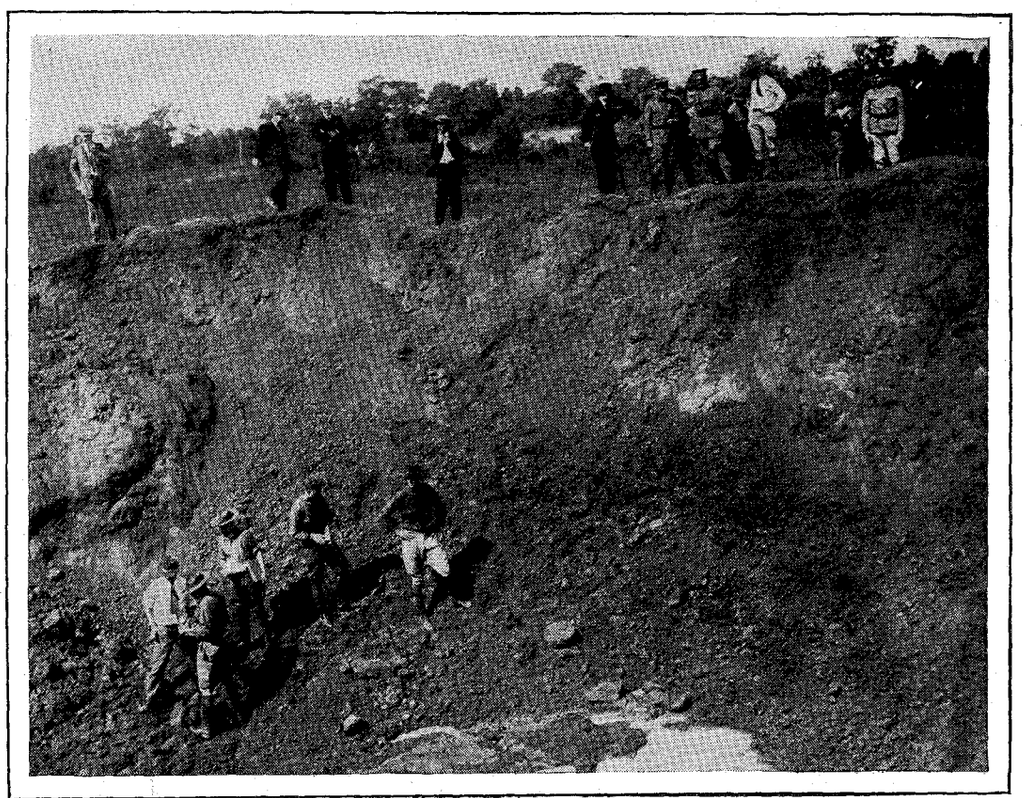
(C) Underwood

CIVIL WAR VETERANS VISIT THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

Veterans of the Civil War who fought for the Stars and Stripes and others who fought for the Stars and Bars recently visited the scene of the Battle of the Wilderness. President Harding and other distinguished guests greeted them. The photograph shows a group of both Federal and Confederate survivors of the battle fighting it over again in the friendliest spirit



International

THE DEVASTATION CAUSED BY A MIGHTY ENGINE OF WAR

Here we see the huge hole in the earth caused by the explosion of one of the largest bombs ever constructed, which was released from an airplane by Sergeant Minsk at Aberdeen, Maryland. The bomb, which weighed 4,200 pounds, was charged with 2,118 pounds of TNT. If this huge gash in the earth could be caused by the impact of the bomb, its effect on a battleship or stone fortification may be imagined

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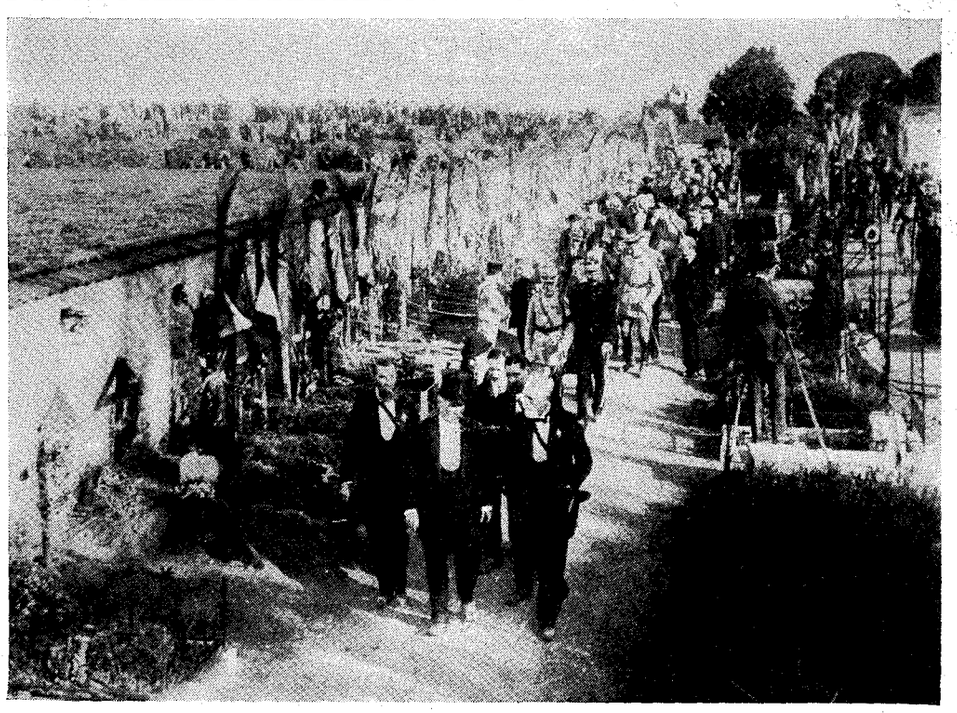
MOST DISASTROUS CHANCES"

(Othello, Act I, Sc. 3)

CELEBRATING THE SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE

France celebrated at Meaux the seventh anniversary of the great victory of the Marne. The little town of the Department of the Seine-et-Marne was gayly decorated for a double ceremony, the day having been chosen also for the honoring of Meaux and the surrounding communities with the Croix de Guerre. The photograph shows the procession visiting the cemetery of Chambery, near Meaux, where rest the remains of the heroes of the Marne



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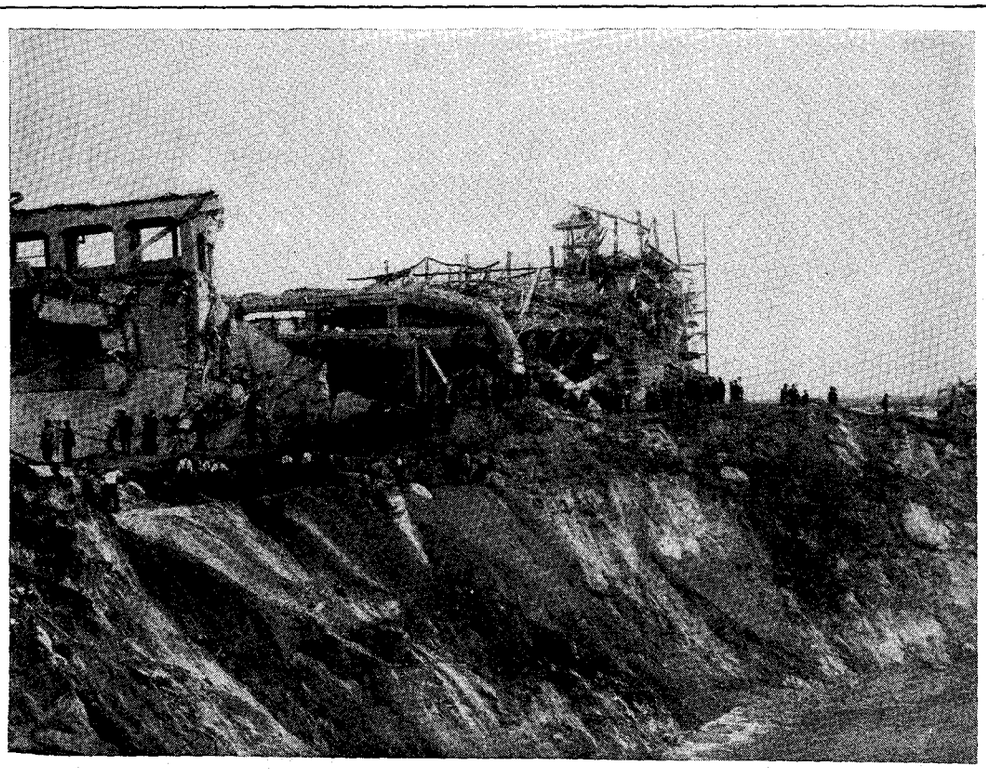

(C) Underwood

THE DEVASTATION CAUSED BY EXPLOSION IN DYE WORKS AT OPPAU, GERMANY

The scene is at Oppau, where on September 21 a terrific explosion of chemicals completely wrecked the great chemical and dye works of the Badische Company, with great loss of life. The hole made by the explosion of 4,000 tons of ammonium nitrate is 200 yards long, 100 yards wide, and many yards deep. It is now filled with ammonia water, as seen in the lower right-hand corner of the picture

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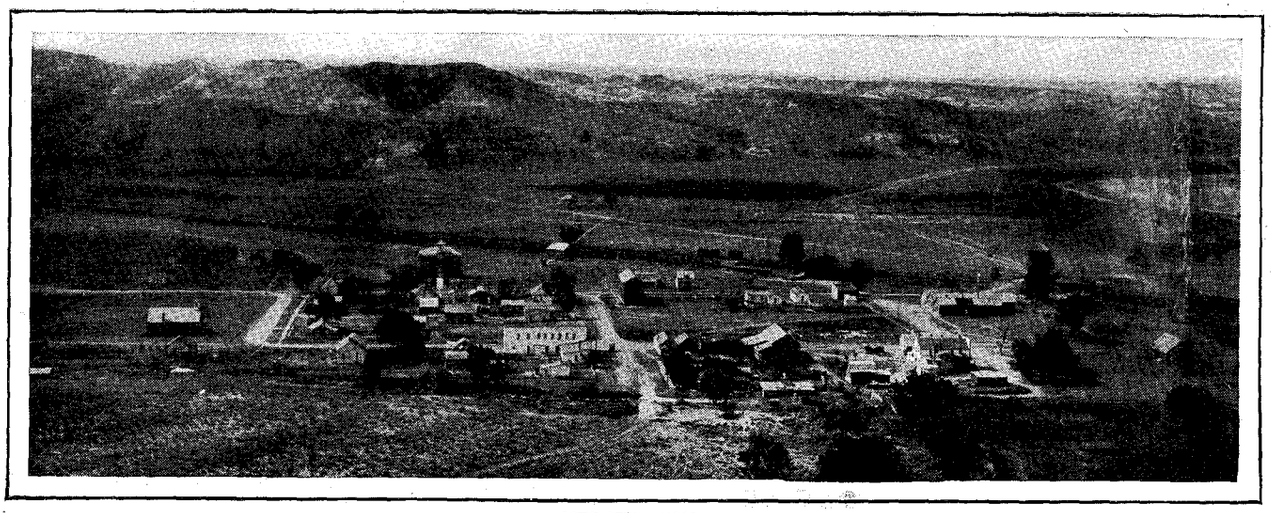


MEDORA (1919)

THE ROOSEVELT COUNTRY

THE BAD LANDS OF NORTH DAKOTA WHERE A YOUNG MAN WHO BECAME PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ONCE RODE THE RANGES AS A COW-PUNCHER

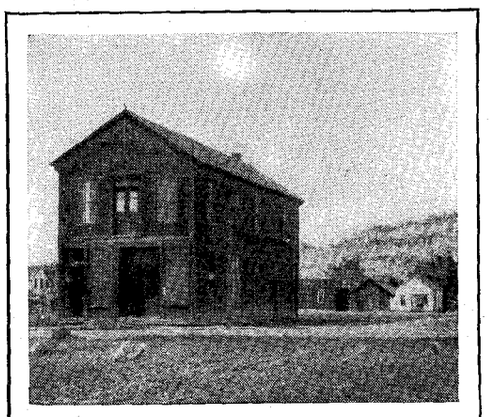
BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

BETWEEN the prairie lands of North Dakota and the prairie lands of Montana there is a narrow strip of broken country so wild and fantastic in its beauty that it seems as though some unholy demon had carved it to mock the loveliness of the creations of God. On both sides of a sinuous river rise ten thousand buttes cut into bizarre shapes by the waters of countless centuries. The hand of man never dared to paint anything as those hills are painted. Olive and lavender, buff, brown, and dazzling white mingle with emerald and flaming scarlet to make a piece of savage splendor that is not without an element of the terrible. The buttes are stark and bare. Only in the clefts are ancient cedars, starved and deformed. In spring there are patches of green grass, an acre here, a hundred acres there, reaching up the slopes from the level bottom-land; but there are regions where for miles and miles no green thing grows, and all creation seems a witch's caldron of gray bubbles tongued with flame, held by some bit of black art forever in suspension.

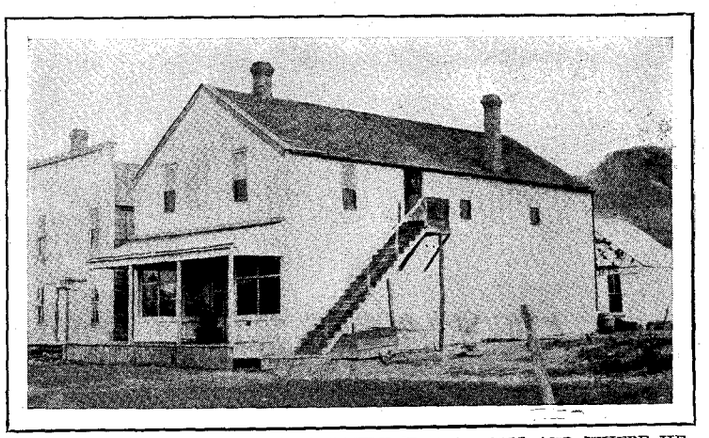
That wild country is the Bad Lands of North Dakota. The treacherous river that runs through it from south to north is the Little Missouri, and on its banks thirty-five years ago Theodore Roosevelt had his ranches.

He came to the Bad Lands for the first time in the fall of 1883. At that time there was a little hamlet on the west bank of the river, called Little Missouri, a terrible place, which was the refuge of the wicked for the whole Northwest. It was through Little Missouri that the "underground railway" of the horse thieves ran from the Indian reservations in what is now South Dakota to the Canadian border. The wilderness of tangled ravines that is the Bad Lands furnished impenetrable hiding-places for stolen herds of horses. No sheriff dared to penetrate it; most of the officers of the law roundabout found it safer and more profitable indeed to "go into cahoots" with the thieves.

The "town" of Little Missouri died shortly after Roosevelt came to the region, when a romantic Frenchman named Antoine de Vallambrosa, Marquis de Mores, founded a town of his own on the opposite bank and named it Medora, after his wife. There the rash and hot-blooded nobleman built a great packing plant. He had an idea that by slaughtering cattle on the range he could crowd the Chicago meat packers out of the Northwest. He spent untold sums of money and failed, after all, for he was a dreamer without practical experience



BOB ROBERTS'S SALOON IN MEDORA. HERE "HELL ROARING BILL JONES" HELD FORTH IN HIS PALMY DAYS



JOE FERRIS'S STORE WHERE ROOSEVELT HAD A ROOM AND WHERE HE STAYED WHENEVER HE SPENT A NIGHT IN MEDORA

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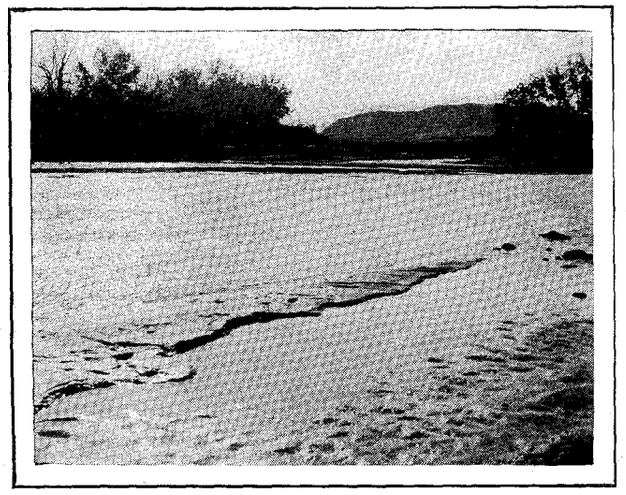
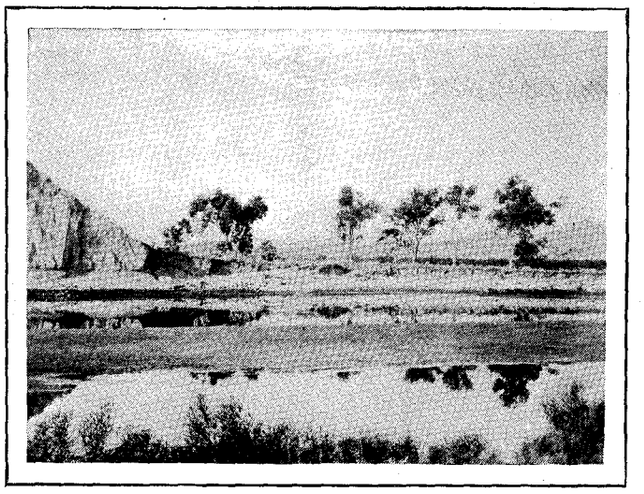


THE RIVER CROSSING NEAREST TO THE MALTESE CROSS

The Chimney Butte Ranch, popularly known as the Maltese Cross, was situated seven miles south of Medora. Mr. Roosevelt's other ranch, the Elkhorn, was twenty-eight miles north



THE MOUTH OF THE LITTLE CANNONBALL

Gregor Lang's camp was in the tangle of old cottonwoods on the left. It was from this camp that Roosevelt went on his first buffalo hunt in the autumn of 1883

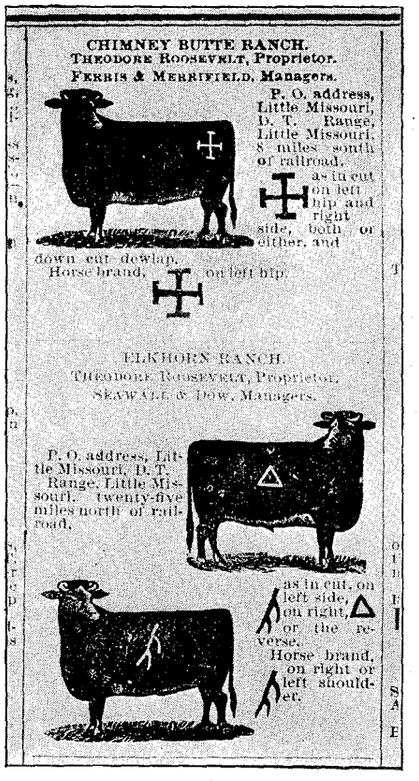
and the packers were too canny for him. He assisted in the killing of a man from ambush early in his career in the Bad Lands, for, as one of his cow-punchers remarked long afterwards, "the Marquis was a little bloodthirsty now and then;" and he challenged Roosevelt to a duel on one occasion, but when Roosevelt chose as the weapons Winchesters at twelve paces the Marquis backed down as gracefully as he could.

Roosevelt had two ranches on the banks of the Little Missouri—the Chimney Butte, popularly known as the Maltese Cross, situated seven miles south of Medora, and Elkhorn Ranch, some twenty-eight miles north. At the Chimney Butte, Sylvane Ferris and A. W. Merrifield, two stalwart Canadians, were his foremen; and at Elkhorn he had two backwoodsmen from Maine in charge, William W. Sewall, still hale today at seventy-seven, and Wilmot Dow. He "ran" some thirty-five hundred head of cattle on his two ranges, and was on the way to making a moderate fortune when the devastating winter of 1886–7 descended upon the Bad Lands and practically destroyed the cattle industry there. Roosevelt lost more than half his herd. What remained he "ran on shares" for ten years longer; but he never recovered the money he had lost.

The things which Roosevelt gained in the Bad Lands, however, were incomparably more valuable to him than dollars. He gained the robust constitution which did him valiant service in more than one exacting political campaign; and, even more important, he gained an understanding of the psychology of the common man, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in public life over men who had viewed humanity all their lives through plate-glass windows.

The Bad Lands have countless points of association with Roosevelt. His ranch-houses are both gone, but the sites are clearly marked, and in the case of Elkhorn, at least, the heavy foundation stones, set by the strong arms of Sewall and Dow, are still in place. The trees that shaded the ranch-house still stand. The Little Missouri flows silently past, beneath high banks; there is no lovelier spot in the Bad Lands.

"The ranch-house," Roosevelt says in his "Autobiography," "stood on the brink of a low bluff overlooking the broad, shallow bed of the Little Missouri, through which at most seasons there ran only a trickle of water, while in time of freshet it was filled brimful with the boiling, foaming, muddy torrent. There was no neighbor for ten or fifteen miles on either side of me. The river twisted down in long curves between narrow bottoms bordered by sheer cliff walls, for the Bad Lands, a chaos of peaks, plateaus, and ridges, rose abruptly from the edges of the level, tree-clad, or grassy, alluvial meadows. In front of the ranch-house veranda was a row of cottonwood trees with gray-green leaves which quivered all day long if there was a breath of air. From these trees came the far-away, melancholy cooing of mourning doves, and little owls perched in them and called tremulously at night. In the long summer afternoons we would sometimes sit on the piazza, when there was no work to be done, for an hour or two at a time, watching the cattle on the sand-bars and the sharply channeled and strangely carved amphitheater of cliffs across the bottom opposite; while the vultures wheeled overhead, their black shadows gliding across the glaring white of the dry river bed. Sometimes from the ranch we saw deer, and once when we needed meat I shot one across the river as I stood on the piazza. In the winter, in the days of iron cold, when everything was white under the snow, the river lay in its bed fixed and immovable as a bar of bent steel, and then at night wolves and lynxes traveled up and down it as if it had been a highway passing in front of the ranch-house. Often in the late fall or early winter, after a hard day's hunting, or when returning from one of the winter line camps, we did not reach the ranch until hours after sunset; and after the weary tramping in the cold it was a keen pleasure to catch the first red gleam of the fire-lit windows across the snowy wastes."


CHIMNEY BUTTE RANCH.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Proprietor.
FERRIS & MERRIFIELD, Managers.
P. O. address, Little Missouri, D. T. Range, Little Missouri, 8 miles south of railroad.
as in cut on left hip and right side, both or either, and
down cut dewlap.
Horse brand, on left hip.
ELKHORN RANCH.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Proprietor.
SEWALL & DOW, Managers.
P. O. address, Little Missouri, D. T. Range, Little Missouri, twenty-five miles north of railroad.
as in cut, on left side, on right, or the reverse.
Horse brand, on right or left shoulder.

ROOSEVELT'S BRANDS

The site of the Chimney Butte ranch has none of the enticing charm of the green bottom where Elkhorn used to be, but the long sage-brush flat, sloping on the east in green meadows to the gray buttes, and on the west running level to the cottonwoods on the river bank, has a quiet beauty of its own. The ranch-house itself has been moved to Bismarck, where it stands weather-beaten and neglected by Non-Partisan North Dakota, in the shadow of the Capitol.

A mile to the north of the Maltese Cross Bottom is Picket Butte, at whose

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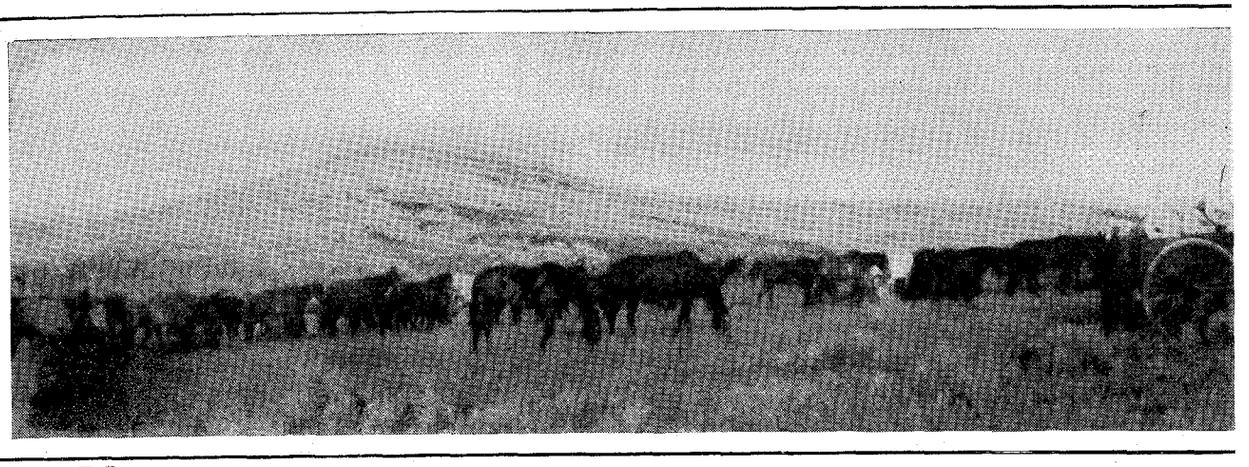

(C) L. A. Huffman

A CATTLE
This photograph is contemporan

Photograph by Holmboe, Bismarck

"BROKEN COUNTRY"

Deep coulees of the Bad Lands formed a most impenetrable refuge for those who sought to escape the growing power of the law in North Dakota and Montana

"CATTLE U

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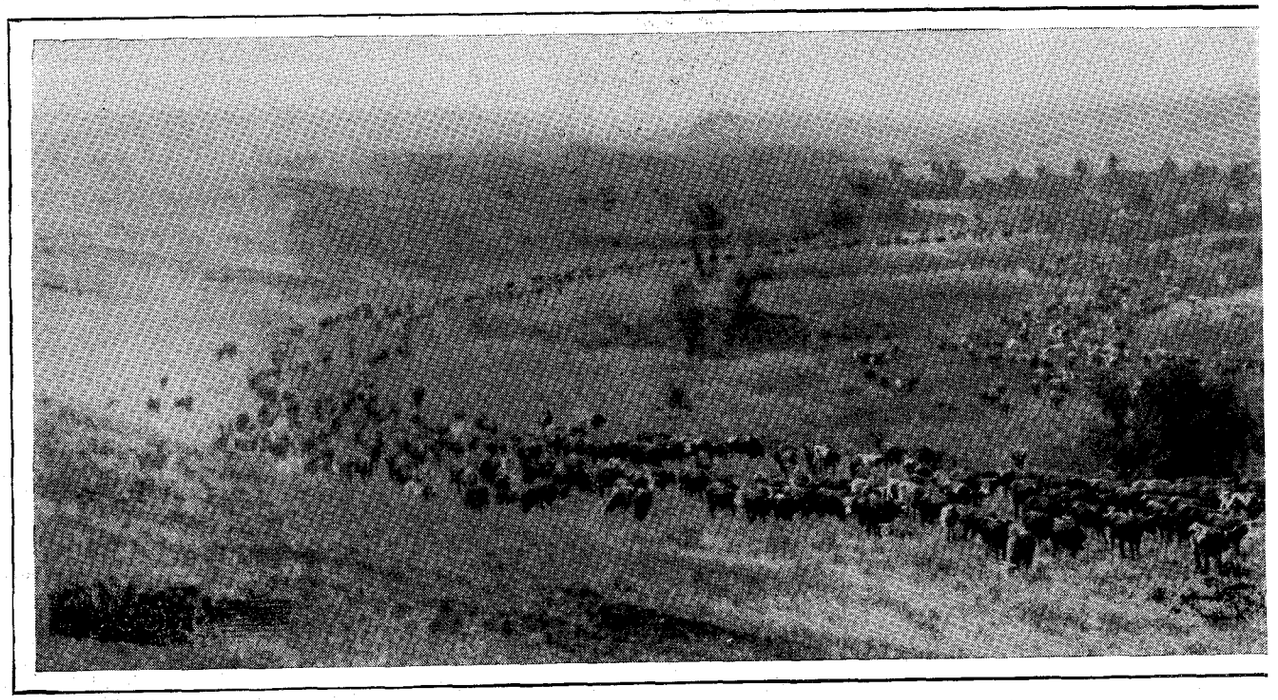

(C) L. A. Huffman

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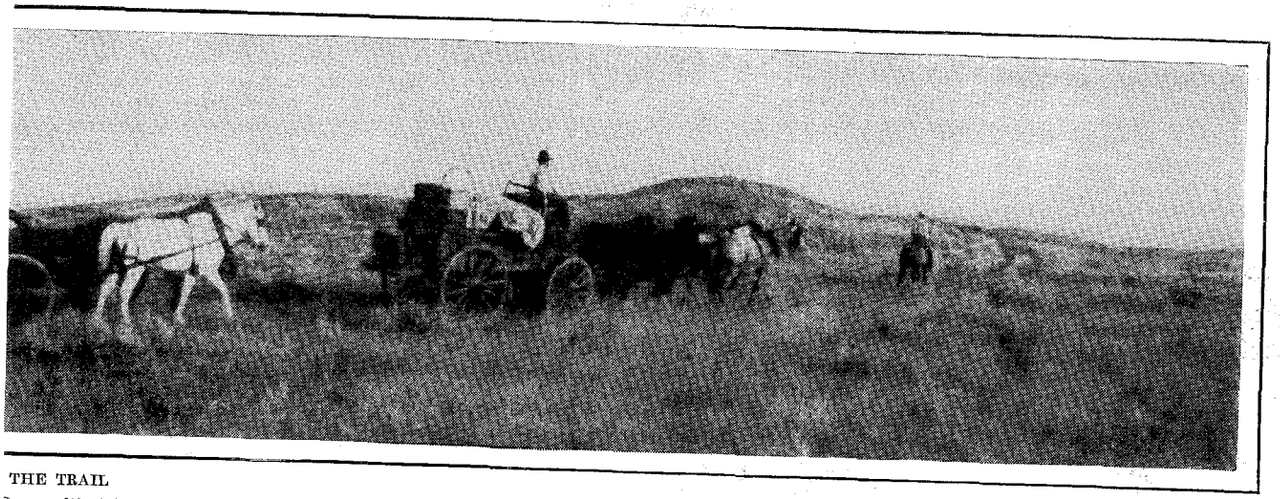

THE TRAIL
Roosevelt's life in North Dakota

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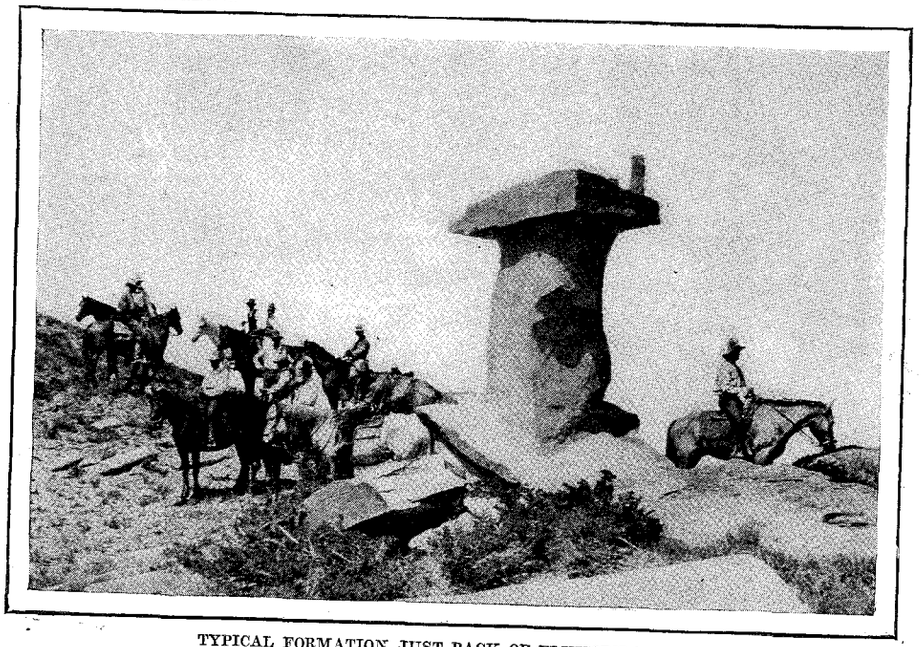
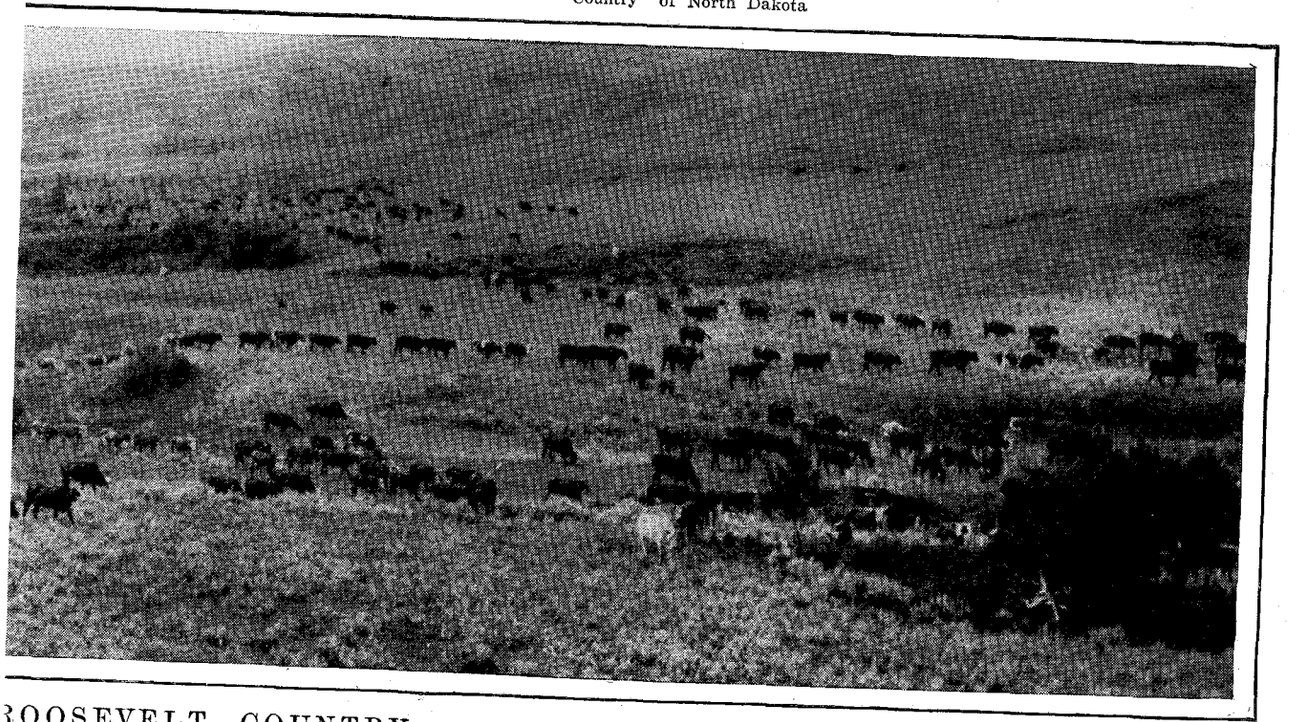


TYPICAL FORMATION JUST BACK OF ELKHORN RANCH
These curiously eroded stones are familiar objects in "The Roosevelt Country" of North Dakota



ROOSEVELT COUNTRY

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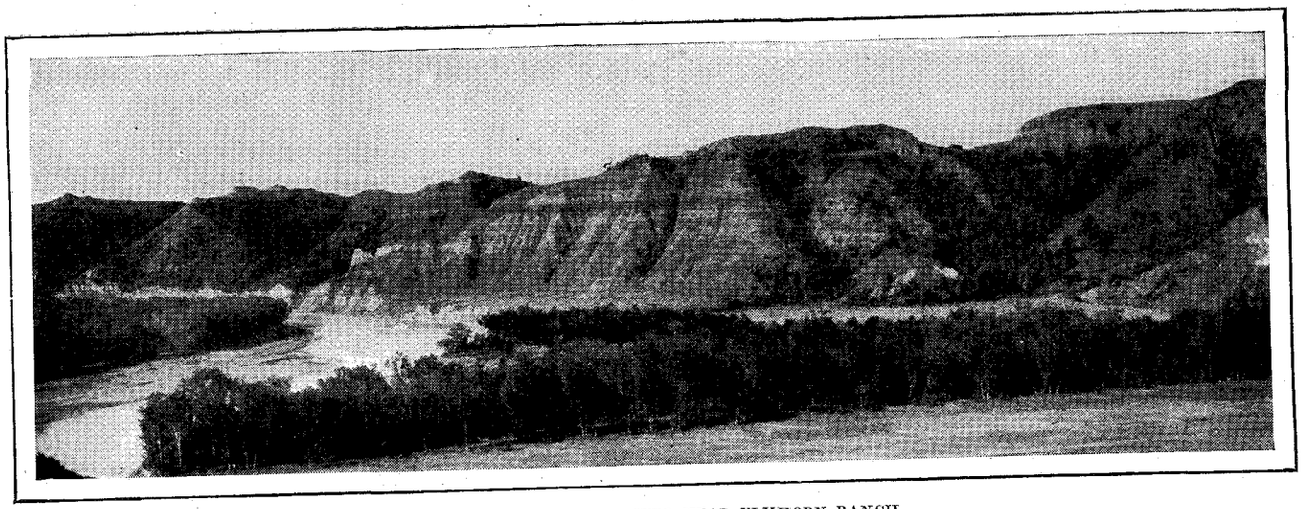
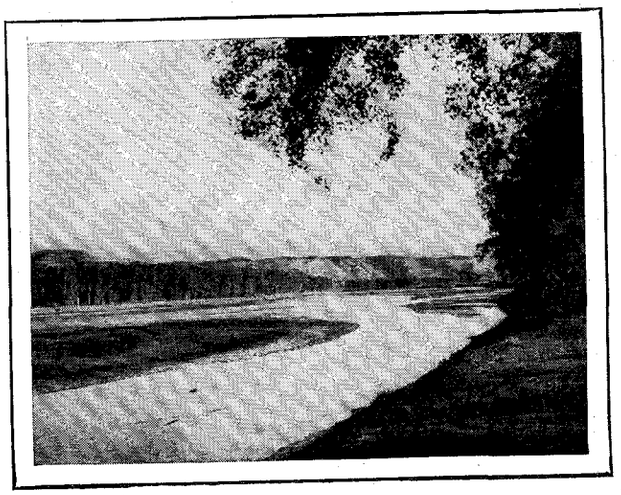


THE LITTLE MISSOURI RIVER NEAR ELKHORN RANCH

SITE OF ELKHORN RANCH-HOUSE



THE RIVER AT ELKHORN

The ranch-house at Elkhorn has entirely disappeared save for its foundation stones. After the building was deserted it was torn down by neighboring ranchmen for lumber. It is the ranch-house from the "Maltese Cross" which has been transferred to the grounds of the State House at Bismarck, North Dakota. Unfortunately, this building has been allowed by the State authorities to fall into disrepair

THE RIVER AT THE POINT WHERE THE STAMPEDING CATTLE WENT OVER THE CUT-BANK

A most graphic description of this stampede is given by Theodore Roosevelt in the fourth chapter of his Autobiography

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base Custer camped on his ill-fated expedition to the Little Big Horn. It was a favorite bottom for round-ups in Roosevelt's day. A mile or two to the south is the flat which was the scene of the stampede graphically described by Roosevelt in his "Autobiography." The cut-bank over which he plunged in the darkness that night is unchanged.

Roosevelt had a great love for the wild country, where, in a very real sense, he first "found himself."

> "I grow very fond of this place," he wrote his sister Anna in June, 1884, in a hitherto unpublished letter, "and it certainly has a desolate, grim beauty of its own, that has a curious fascination for me. The grassy, scantily wooded bottoms through which the winding river flows are bounded by bare, jagged buttes; their fantastic shapes and sharp, steep edges throw the most curious shadows, under the cloudless, glaring sky; and at evening I love to sit out in front of the hut and see their hard, gray outlines gradually grow soft and purple as the flaming sunset by degrees softens and dies away; while my days I spend generally alone, riding through the lonely rolling prairie and broken lands."

To his friend Henry Cabot Lodge he wrote a few weeks later:

> I heartily enjoy this life, with its perfect freedom, for I am very fond of hunting, and there are few sensations I prefer to that of galloping over these rolling, limitless prairies, rifle in hand, or winding my way among the barren, fantastic, and grimly picturesque deserts of the so-called Bad Lands.

The winter of 1886–7, which killed the cattle industry in the valley of the Little Missouri, scattered to the four winds the hardy men who were cowboys with Theodore Roosevelt. The old picturesque life has vanished. Medora sleeps through the years and dreams of other days. Schuyler Lebo, who was shot by the Indians, delivers the mail; "Nitch" Kendley, who rode the ranges with Roosevelt as a cow-puncher, operates the pump for the water-tank at the railway station; an octogenarian called "Frenchy," who hunted with Roosevelt and has lost his wits, plays cribbage all day long at the Rough Riders Hotel. These three are all that remain of the gay aggregation that once made life a revel at the "depot" and at Bob Roberts's saloon. And yet, even in its desolation, as the cook of the Rough Riders Hotel remarked, "There's something fascinating about the blinkety-blank place. I don't know why I stay here, but I do."

The truth is that the Bad Lands are still the Bad Lands, except that the unfenced prairies are fenced now and on each bit of parched bottom-land a "nester" has his cabin and is struggling, generally in vain, to dig a living out of the soil in a region which God never made for farming. The treacherous Little Missouri is treacherous still; here and there a burning mine still sends a tenuous wisp toward the blue sky; the buttes have lost none of their wild magnificence; and dawn and dusk, casting long shadows across the coulees, reveal the old heartrending loveliness.

Folk in motor cars whir through it all in a cloud of dust and see nothing but the obvious grotesquery of a few deformed cedars by the roadside or a huge slab of limestone balanced precariously on some sharply upthrust arm of rock. The region should be a place of pilgrimage for thousands every year, for the sake of what it meant in the life of Roosevelt and for its own wild and exhilarating beauty. Some day the multitudes will discover it. Meanwhile it waits, grim, fantastic, magical.

PIONEER MINNESINGERS

BY THEODORE STEARNS

INTO the quilt of culture-slumbering American byways our little English grand opera company some years ago wove its way. Our sturdy little band of artists—some of us now associated with famous opera organizations in New York, Chicago, Paris, and Milan—carried the message of music with pioneering persistency into towns, hamlets, and little cities which until then had never heard nor seen the full dramatic intensity of the love stories of Butterfly, Carmen, and Leonora.

We brought into wintry northern Michigan lumber towns the ever-vernal magic of Verdi. Up the little-known winding Tar River of North Carolina, traveling in a wheezy, curve-dodging steamboat, "Martha" helped us into the hearts of hidden villagers who, seldom seeing "opery troupes," convoyed us to the banks of their one transportation system the following morning and waved us a brave farewell as our little side-wheeler nosed down the cypress-scented stream.

In Louisiana, too, we gave Massenet's immortal tale of "Herodiade," and when Salome sang with John the dungeon scene the Spanish moss outside the old town hall flapped idly against the latticed windows like gray wraiths the while we brought the opera to its close.

Another time the waving wheat-fields in the West, around a hamlet crouching on the plain, kept nodding *tempo* to the "Tales of Hoffmann," as, with uplifted glass, our tenor hero told how he wooed and won—Venetian-nighted with the *barcarolle* of bygone days.

Thus we carried a spark of the poetic Middle Ages into the rawest, most primitive, and, in that time, the uncultured niches of this twentieth-century country of ours. We left a definite spirit of romance and music that opened the way, I have since learned, for a broader and more general desire for art. I would not say that we were conscious pilgrims or were imbued with a wholly unselfish missionary spirit, nor that we ventured thus far from the arteries of art merely for the love of it, but we were blazing the trail nevertheless.

Well do I remember how it all started—how I took on the cap and bells of minstrelsy. I was gazing out of the window of a little New York hall bedroom, closer to the East River than I care to remember, wondering how deep the blinding snow-storm without would pile the drifts, when a messenger boy summoned me to the downtown office of an opera agent. The call was to conduct "Il Trovatore" in Midland, Michigan! Transportation in advance had been sent to the agent for the new conductor. This was lucky. Brushing my silk conductor hat and wrapping my summer overcoat closely about my spare figure—not forgetting to place my baton in its inside pocket—I fortified the soles of my low shoes with pasteboard thrust cunningly between leather and stocking, and doggedly made my way over to the New York Central train. As I lifted my baton three days later in the northern wilds of the State to start the introduction of Verdi's immortal masterpiece, I reflected inwardly that I must be opera-mad to be able still to feel a thrill.

True, the lumberjacks of Midland (I am writing of fifteen years ago) shelled my conductor hat with snowballs frequently, but art is art, and, like my brother minnesinger of yore, I was willing to suffer much in her defense.

It was our tenor-manager, however, who was the very reincarnation of the strolling minstrel of romance. One would scarcely suspect that hidden away beneath his roving, magnetic eye, his jolly smile, big cigar, and fur-lined coat there pulsed a fierce, invincible, nomadic love of adventure and care-free fancy for the new and strange. A doughty wag, with a keen love for mischief he combined a God-given voice that no cold could hoarsen or nicotine could stain. Tell him about some new far-flung field as yet untouched by music, and he was instantly on edge to take his company thither. A man just peering over the other side of forty, he had the heart of Peter Pan, and, like the Celtic rovers of his race, no journey was for him too arduous or long just so its rainbow end would give him one more audience new upon which he might pour his golden song.

A fat little Russian chorus man of

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unknown age companioned him like a faithful hound through all his peepings into put-by places. This wight would follow his hero tenor from Verdi to Debussy and back again, for he absolutely knew every male chorus part in every opera on the calendar. On a dollar a day, if need be—he was paid much more than that—this Boswell could eat, sleep, save money, and understudy his Dr. Johnson. He was the czar of the chorus dressing-room, when such extravagances were to be had, and was a resourceful patcher-up of scenery, too, when need arose. The wise conductor "followed" him, instead of trying to "lead" him, for, like all typical grand-opera chorus men, once learned, the music he had to sing settled like cement in his anatomy and could nevermore be changed.

Our prima donna in this particular opera company had difficulty in slaughtering herself in the last act of "Madame Butterfly." A fine singer, she lacked dramatic intelligence—not uncommon with sopranos—and at rehearsals with the lethal Japanese weapon she persisted in grabbing at it as she would at a broomstick. If she succeeded, finally, in focusing her drama on the *hara-kari*, then her feet got tangled up, and the baby, sitting on the stage "apron" waving an American flag, became frettingly nervous. Some years later this prima donna was told by Campanini that she had a rasp in her voice and he advised her to iron it out with old-fashioned Italian *bel canto* study. Still later she appeared in Italy, having learned to handle a stage dagger as well as her voice, changed her harsh Teutonic name with a softer Latin twist, and returned to America covered with glory.

This is just one instance of how a pioneer American minnesinging beginning finally led some of my associates to metropolitan fame and success.

Our contralto was more human than our prima donna. This is nearly always the case, I have observed, in all opera companies, great and small. This one was a terrifying Carmen—bold, beautiful, passionate, and gracefully strong. Years later she made a big success in Paris. The baritone was an engaging, talkative young rascal whose wife, ten years older than himself, sang in the chorus and watched him constantly with a dagger eye.

Thus, merrily equipped with all that makes grand opera real, we circled and milled around the northern peninsula and spoke hopefully of coming spring. One particularly snappy day as we were journeying westwards towards Petoskey in a combination freight-and-passenger train, our tenor-manager, pacing restlessly back and forth in our "company" car, paused and faced the north.

"I wonder," he said, thoughtfully gazing at the frost-painted windows; "I wonder if there are any towns on Hudson Bay?"

An inhuman howl of protest went up from twenty opera throats. Art was long, but not so long as that. Our genial tenor puffed his huge black cigar, then grinned broadly.

"Oh, very well," he said, tenorally. "Let's go to New Orleans."

SUCCESS IN BRINGING ITALIAN OPERA TO THE SMALLER TOWNS OF AMERICA MIGHT BE TERSELY PHRASED "VENI, VERDI, VICI"

Turning to an earlier experience, with a still more significant and universal element of pioneer minnesingers, let us shift the scene to old Dixieland Park, across the St. John's River from Jacksonville, Florida. I am now referring to the strolling comic-opera company of bygone days. My association with one of these typical random-gathered aggregations was an interesting one. Our company, at first, was fully appareled with appropriate costumes, scenery, orchestra players, principals, and chorus. Here we gave the curdling music dramas of "Fra Diavolo," "Olivette," "Erminie," "Bohemian Girl," and the "Three Black Cloaks," to say nothing of "Giroflé-Girofla." We had the politely cynical masterpieces of Gilbert and Sullivan of course, and the exciting episodes in the lives of Boccaccio and "La Mascotte." We tolled the romantic and ghostly experiences of "The Chimes of Normandy." This little band of strollers—six principals, twelve chorus girls, and myself at the baton—finally moved up to Savannah, where business dropped and it became necessary to split up the company for economy's sake.

One night after the performance our baritone-comedian, who was likewise acting as our general representative, drew me into a dark recess back of the stage and whispered:

"Meet me at the depot at 2 A.M. Don't tell any one I told you so."

At the appointed hour, as I lurked nervously behind a deserted freight car near the silent depot, I saw five or six figures flit across the dim-lit platform and vanish into sympathetic shadows. An early morning milk train rolled into the station, and I boarded it—in company with the tenor, baritone, soprano, contralto, and four of our best-voiced chorus girls. Whatever became of the rest of the company I never learned. Ours was a clear case of the survival of the fittest.

At 3:30 A.M. we all piled out into a dense darkness somewhere in central Georgia. Here, by the light of a smoking lantern, our baritone explained that there was a town in the near vicinity and that we were to play in its schoolhouse for three nights. He said that the repertoire, arranged upon by letter, was to be "Fra Diavolo," "Mikado," and "Martha;" in other words, a musical melodrama, a musical comedy, and a grand opera. Splashing through the Stygian night, we searched for the village—there was no one at the depot to direct us—and finally discovered it two miles from the railway tracks about the time the sun started to glower suspiciously at us over some distant persimmon trees.

In a zigzag course of musical harmony we spent the ensuing three months wandering from place to place, but always with our eyes on the polar star. This was strolling minstrelsy with a vengeance. Sometimes we were lucky and the box-office generous to a fault. On such occasions we rode as far north as our money went. Sometimes attendance was poor, and then our next trip was a brief one.

At eight o'clock one night our audience consisted of one man. We waited hopefully for half an hour, a thunderstorm meanwhile piling up outside, but nothing came in but a gale of wind. After a whispered consultation behind the curtain, our baritone stepped out on the stage, cleared his throat, and announced that, although the audience was small, the show would go on just the same. The man in the first row stood up and said he hoped it would, that he was the janitor and wanted to lock up and go home.

We were frequently entertained in the homes of representative people in the communities through which we passed, spreading the gospel of music and dramatic art. Our combined ancestry, I recollect, represented families in good standing socially, we ourselves simply being in love with adventure and temporarily thrust, by frivolity of fate, into the tramp class, according to our parents' standards. For this reason, probably, we were welcome in the homes of our auditors, where we dropped the garb of mountebank and troubadour, laughed with our hosts, and, for the time, shone as intelligently as we were wont to do in our own distant fireside circles.

There was no money in our odyssey, particularly—merely a bare living, as a matter of fact. Ours was the instinct for adventure, at least with a good deal of the same gypsy adaptability that made the minnesinger of the Renaissance as popular in shepherd hut as he was in castle hall. We had also his optimistic belief in to-morrow—the lure of the strange and the chance. Like those early troubadours, who carried only themselves and their voiceful imaginations wrapped in a stroller's

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cloak, we too traveled with very little impedimenta. We carried no orchestra with the comic-opera company, and seldom found town musicians who could play the scores. As a rule, I had to play the entire operetta on a piano, usually of a strange, weird vintage, or on a cottage organ when its more noble brother was not to be had. Once the scores themselves were left behind or misplaced—lost probably, I don't remember—and I had to play the opera of "Martha" from memory.

We carried very little scenery for the most part; just enough to give an illusion—disillusion, one town called it. Finally, we lost all the scenery we had in one fell swoop made upon our assets by an irate landlord, and thereafter were forced to fall back on what scenery the town resources afforded. There was generally just an "interior set," in which case we simply played the "Mikado" or friend "Fra Diavolo" in a parlor scene throughout. We managed to hang onto our costumes.

On the other hand, with the other company, the grand opera one, when playing "Madame Butterfly," "Herodiade," "Lohengrin," "Carmen," or "Bohème," we whiled away a month or two in big Middle Western cities frequently, and on these occasions I had orchestras of thirty or forty first-class town musicians to conduct. Then our tenor-manager, he with the big black cigar, spread himself and augmented our personnel with a large chorus of mixed voices, all of them good singers.

WEEK OF DECEMBER 16TH.

The sixth week of the Colonial Opera Co., in an elaborate production of Lecoq's

"Girofle-Girofla"

New choruses, new scenery, new costumes. Regular matinee for Ladies and Children Saturday.

BOHEMIAN GIRL MATINEE SATURDAY, 3:00 P. M.

A special souvenir matinee will be given for the ladies and children on next Saturday when a souvenir will be given to each person attending free of charge.

COLONIAL OPERA CO.—Executive Staff.

Gen'l Manager and Treas. ..... Charles Picquette
Business Manager ..... R. M. Rush
Musical Director ..... Theodore Stearns
Stage Manager ..... Eddie Flavelle
Wardrobe ..... Mrs. Jessie B. Lee
Librarian ..... Arthur D. Brown

A PROGRAMME OF THE MINNESINGERS

He was lavish with scenery, too. He is now behind a famous and authoritative grand opera organization featuring the English language.

What has become of those little strolling stock comic-opera companies? Nearly every section of these United States saw them ten or fifteen years ago, but only in the smallest towns and cities. Nowadays the movie seems to have absorbed them too. The four or five famous grand-opera companies of to-day have followed those first pioneers into the musical frontiers, which they enlarged as opera appreciation spread and grew. With them a number of my former fellow-artists. One of them was in "The Girl of the Golden West." Another one is reaping her reward in London, Brussels, and Paris. Still another is favorably known in Italy. Two or three of our former Carmens or Marthas you may hear this season in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and elsewhere. One of them, a "Sharpless" scorning his one-time vocal triumphs, is a prominent moving-picture director out on the Pacific coast. Our other baritone, who explained by the light of the lantern, is a head-liner in first-class vaudeville; and the tenor who listened to that same explanation with me returned to the South, settled down, and became the Mayor of the town!

I have had occasion to revisit many of those scenes of our long-ago musical vagabondage, and have been pleasantly gratified to greet townspeople who earnestly tell me that our unconscious missionary work in music has never been forgotten and that our efforts years ago have borne substantial artistic fruit. The growth of those towns themselves proves to me that musical appreciation is largely developed. Local symphony and choral societies are now acreaged over the modest flower gardens we planted nearly twenty years ago.

The strolling minstrel has indeed vanished. Fra Diavolo has been shot on the "bridge," never to arise again. The bells of the modern suburban trolley cars have tolled a requiem for "The Chimes of Normandy." Alas for pretty Olivette! The pirates of "Girofle-Girofla" have slunk back, impotently fierce, over their stage sea-wall and joined the ghostly remains of Morgan and Kidd.

The pioneer minnesinger has passed into history once more.

IN BEHALF OF FOOTBALL

BY IRVEN BRACKETT WOOD

FOOTBALL is the great game of our educational institutions. The financial support of field and track, aquatic and other teams, has been made possible in many schools by the balance remaining from the gate receipts of the football season. And football is peculiarly a "school" game. The hazard attached to it should remove it, in its present form, from the professional group. Mr. Roosevelt, in one of those notable "Letters to His Children," insists, with all his love for vigorous sports, that the question whether a young man should run the risk of temporary or permanent physical injury in a football game should be determined by the significance of the game to his school. Although it has been pretty well demonstrated that the physical risk has been reduced to the minimum where there is competent training, it still holds that whatever warrant there is for the game is to be found in that intangible thing known as "school spirit" which prompts a high idealism and guarantees a clean game.

There are certain tendencies, however, in amateur football which, unless checked, may bring the game into disrepute and might even lead to its banishment from our schools. No one with open eyes and ears is unaware of the Nation-wide gambling associated with football to-day. The popular cigar stores display lists of bets offered on the games between the better-known universities and colleges, and the sporting editors of our dailies invariably report the odds offered on teams all the way from the Eastern Big Three (or is it Four?) to the local academy or high school game. Gambling can't be stopped? If folks gamble over the flight of birds, you can hardly prevent them betting on the fight of gridiron heroes? But what say you when players themselves are numbered among the gamblers? Twice in last year's football season the writer's attention was called to cases where players won and lost money on their own games. It may not be an immediate step, but it is a natural and direct road from gambling on the part of players to "White Sox" scandals.

A peril not so fully recognized—therefore the more insidious—is the gradual acceptance of unethical standards in the game. Only recently the father of a husky young high school player whose team had been defeated in a district championship contest said to the writer: "I don't see why they didn't lay out that half-back in the early part of the game. They came near 'getting him;' if they only *had*, they might have won the game!" If such ideas were the exclusive property of spectators, the results would not be so serious; but this same father of a "star" reported that he had said to his sixteen-year-old son, "Why didn't you tie into your man and lay him out?" And the son of his father replied, "Gee, dad, I had him crying all the time; what more could I do?" And then, to demonstrate that such ideals (?) were not confined to one team, the lad continued: "And he said to me, 'You just wait; I'm going to be in football two years more, and I'll get you yet.'" In one game which the writer witnessed in another city a citizen of the "home town" was hooted by the high school students because he called the referee's attention to one of their own players who was "slugging." In another State we have seen a college player with his neck in a plaster cast for weeks, and one of his opponents confessed that he had jumped on his neck

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"because he was a good player and I wanted to put him out of the game." In a championship high school contest we saw a player put out of the game for slugging and his team penalized half the distance to the goal line. When he returned to the bench, his schoolmates gave three cheers for the banished player, accompanied by the indorsement, "He's all right."

We see some one arising at once to voice his indignant protest against the charges herein implied. He tells us that these are but isolated cases; that players, as a body, play a clean game; that the spectators do not want anything except playing that is square; and that real sportsmanship is to be found practically everywhere where scholastic gladiators face each other on the gridiron.

Nor are we inclined to dispute our agitated friend. If any one is insisting that football ought to be prohibited as a very unladylike game, it is not the present writer. He has played the game; has attended games repeatedly when they were within the reach of his spare time, his home, and his pocketbook; has kept fairly well in touch with the "dope" on the greater teams of the country; is dubbed by his friends a football "fan;" and his concern is not for the elimination but for the preservation of the game. This is simply a reminder of conditions that exist, that can be found in more than one community and in more than one section of the country, and of the fact that these conditions are accepted and these unworthy ideals given audible expression again and again without meeting with any positive challenge from any large number of people. The very fact that some followers of the game, if they should chance to read this article, would smile in a knowing way, and others would say, "We do not get you"—even as some spectators say when they hear a protest against "rough stuff," "What do you think this is, a game of marbles?"—is indicative of the lowered standards that prevail with a lot of players and with their supporters. Along this way lies the discrediting of football.

Attention has frequently been called to the contrast between the objective of the average American and his English cousin in athletic contests. The American, it is said, plays to win; the Englishman, for the fine points of the game. Of course we typical Americans will deny, with typical American vigor, any implication that we would resort to dishonesty to win. But it must be manifest, on reflection, that just as surely as we go into the game with *winning* as our objective, just as surely as student body and townsfolks are insistent upon our winning, just as surely as our rooters and, above all, our players have money up on the outcome of the game, there is grave danger of our falling into methods of playing that hardly measure up to the highest ethical standards.

Let us not ask our American athletes to turn English overnight—nor before this football season gets under way. But they are indeed a provincial people who cannot learn some profitable lessons from their neighbors; and we Americans surely need to learn, and then to insist, that to play a fine game and to do one's honest best in any kind of a contest means far more than being able to hang up the larger figures on the scoreboard. If this is to be attained, it mean that thinking people in every walk o life must make known their disapprova of victories or advantages of any kin gained by questionable methods; the must insist that for themselves an their home town or their Alma Mate they prefer honorable defeat to ques tionable victories. Professionalism o every kind, even of the paying of boar bills and the conceding of part tuitio to students who may help make up championship team, must be absolutel condemned. Students who are prove guilty of slugging or other unsportsman like conduct, instead of being given ova tions by their supporters, must hav made manifest to them the disapprova of anything but the cleanest kind o playing, and must be subjected upo repetition of the offense to drastic pun ishment—even to removal from all ath letic contests.

Some time ago a high school principa stood before his pupils on the day befor the big game of the season and said "Boys, we want you to win, and we ex pect you to win. But remember, we ha rather lose the game than have you wi by dirty football. Go into it for all yo are worth. Go in to win. But, what ever you do, wear your opponents out don't you dare try to knock them out. Undoubtedly there are educational lea ers and football coaches in every part o the country who are saying the sam thing—and meaning it. But it is onl as the sentiment of the supporters o football is united on such a basis a this, and such sentiments as these ar crystallized into rigid laws protectin the game, that we can be comfortabl assured of the preservation of football.

AN EPISODE IN COMMUTATION

BY A PHILOSOPHIC COMMUTER

At dawn on a Monday morning in January Henry Ketchum and his family were seated at table, as they thought, engaged in breakfasting. While Ketchum endeavored to absorb simultaneously the day's news from his paper and enough nutriment to sustain him until luncheon, a sleet storm, freezing as it fell, kept him subconsciously speculating how many extra minutes he must allow, on account of the ice, to catch the 8:12. His wife was busy suppressing the children and anticipating his wants, or rather capacity—supplying him food in quantities never so great as to cause congestion, but always sufficient to forestall a hiatus in the process of absorption. A call to the telephone interrupted this blissful domesticity; in a surprisingly few moments Mrs. Ketchum returned, looking grave, and announced:

"Mrs. Doolittle says Fred Train has just died."

"Too bad," said Ketchum, thickly, his mouth full of ham and eggs; "but he's been all in for a good while and couldn't be expected to last any longer—heart gave out, I s'pose."

"Yes," answered his wife, "it's very distressing. I guess they'll have the funeral on Wednesday."

By this time Ketchum, still chewing, had left the table and was putting on his arctics.

"You'll have to go," she added.

"Oh, no, I won't. I never knew Fred well." (A pause while Ketchum rushed to the dining-room and gulped some coffee.) "He traveled on the 7:58."

"But you and he always came home on the 5:19," replied Mrs. Ketchum, "and he was a member of the Shakespeare Club too. Anyhow, Mary would never forgive us if you weren't there, and her tongue's so sharp we can't afford to give offense."

"All right, all right," moaned Ketchum with a resigned inflection while he pulled on his coat. "I guess I'll have to go. Find out as quick as you can when the funeral's to be and telephone the office what train I can make after it, so I may make my arrange—" The las word was cut short by the door slam ming as he began to slide toward th depot.

Tuesday's papers announced Train funeral would be at eleven Wedne day morning, and one of them printe his complete biography, as follows:

> Frederick Train died on Monday at his home in Carrville, aged 54. He was connected with the First National Bank and had commuted to this City regularly for 36 years.

The sole topics of conversation on th 8:12 going in and the 5:19 coming ou were the probable length of the servic and the chances of those attending mal ing the 11:35 to town. It was forcibl argued that the service could be run o in twenty minutes, but a pessimist r called that respect for the departe required his friends to await the exodu of the bereaved family from the churc and then to stand with bared heads, a

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the imminent risk of colds or worse, until the casket should be placed in the hearse. It was generally agreed that this observance might be dispensed with by slipping out of the side door unobserved by the chief mourners. But on discovery that people from the city were expected on the train due at 10:55, it became certain that there would be delay, and the prospects of the 11:35 grew gloomy. The officiating clergyman was called to the telephone four times that evening to answer inquiries about the duration of the service.

In response to the formal, "Isn't there *something* we can do for you?" the family borrowed the motors of their friends. Three separate syndicates of commuters, therefore, were formed to hire taxis, under instructions to stand at the side of the church with noses pointed toward the station and power on, in the hope that the essential conventions would be over by 11:31.

KETCHUM and his fellows of the 8:12 awoke at the usual time on Wednesday and had difficulty in becoming composed for a late, Sunday-morning-like breakfast. If they dreamed of a restful hour, disappointment was their doom; in each household there developed a surprising demand for a man to do odd chores, and Ketchum, in addition, was sent to the widow's with the loan of his wife's black fur coat. After standing inspection by their wives to insure adequate somberness of costume—many neckties and a few suits had to be changed—the men repaired to the church, where they were careful to select pews opening on the aisle leading to the side door. There was an exception: a lawyer, the only one of independent practice traveling regularly on the 7:58. He conveyed the impression that this was from habit, but it was shrewdly suspected that he profited by the absence of his professional brethren, who frequented the more dignified 8:12. He took this day off, sat directly behind the family and accompanied them to the cemetery, thus keeping within call in case he should be wanted "to read the will."

Two elderly bachelors served as ushers, attired in frock coats of at least twenty-year-old vintage and imposing severe strain on the buttons near the waist-line. By 10:55 the entire suburban population was sedately seated, the men restless and wondering how late the train from town would be, and the women concerned as to how their husbands would behave. A stranger entered, and while leading him down the aisle the usher audibly inquired if he had "come on the train." A hopeless expression crossing the usher's face indicated a negative reply.

At last a number of strangers appeared, the organist began to play, and the minister stepped forward. The strain on the commuters was intense. Yielding to instinct, as one man, they reached for their watches, but a sense of decorum and the iron rule of convention restrained them. They stood respectfully still, with thoughts centered on the 11:35, bitterly critical of the slowness of the minister's delivery as he droned the ritual.

In the course of time the undertaker reappeared; he had ostentatiously eliminated himself at the commencement of the service. Instantly the commuters stirred like horses champing at the bit and set themselves for a spring, with the same tenseness as when standing in the aisles upon the train's entering the terminal of a morning. Slowly the family withdrew, following the casket borne on the shoulders of familiar characters, among them the news-vender at the depot, the ex-bartender at the golf club, and the furnace man of several exclusive households. The men's self-restraint was admirable; no one moved, not a watch was brought into sight. All waited until an elderly lady, who obviously had no reason to hurry, started toward the door. Then they glided along the pews and into the aisle, agilely, rapidly, yet without appearance of haste, in the way commuters do but no others can. On reaching the vestibule each pulled out his watch preparatory to a sprint for the waiting taxis. Alas! all hands pointed to 11:36 and a locomotive's whistle gave disappointing notice that the 11:35 was on time.

The next train was the 12:21. As the mourners settled themselves in its smoker the conductor remarked, cheerily: "You've picked the slowest on the run, but it's our most respectable train; only the best people ride on it."

TRAIN was buried in the cemetery ten miles down the line, in a plot close to the track, where his eternal slumber will be lulled by the roar of passing traffic. His grave adjoined that of Mrs. Spring, wife of the dean of the 5:19, who chose the site so he could view it twice daily from the car window. The interment was announced to be "at the convenience of the family;" its privacy certainly was to the convenience of his friends. To them, without more, the funeral was disturbing enough. Two regulars missed the 5:19 that night, and a bridge game had to be called off in consequence.

Friday evening found Ketchum with his equanimity quite restored, although he did look with more than usual suspicion and resentment at old Spring, whose high color, shortness of breath, and excitability threatened another funeral. He sank naturally into his usual seat, the second one behind the center on the left side of the third car, and immediately became absorbed in "Percy and Ferdie" or "The Toonerville Trolley" (whichever paper it was he invariably opened first). Peace was his for only a moment, when the departed Train's memory was again thrust upon him. A mutual friend—a city dweller, ignorant of or indifferent to the *mores* of commutation—spied Ketchum, thrust himself into the small fraction of the seat which, in spite of every effort, Ketchum had never quite been able to cover, and opened conversation. The friend was to spend the week-end with the widow, and, partly by way of preparation for what must be said to her, but also out of the fullness of his heart, spoke highly of Train, while Ketchum nervously fingered his paper and surreptitiously glanced at the headlines.

"Fred was not robust and carried considerable responsibility in the bank, no doubt, besides being under a strain because of demands at home," concluded the friend; "still, he might have held out a good while longer had he ever known leisure at either end of a business day."

Ketchum's attention was focused momentarily, as he realized for the first time that this death had a significance distinct from the inconvenience and disturbance of his own routine entailed by attendance at the funeral. The impression passed instantly, however, for they were then a mile from Carrville, the point at which Ketchum always put on his overcoat and began walking through the train, so he could alight at the spot in the station nearest the exit.

HE strode rapidly home, despite the darkness, hastily greeted his family, dressed in a hurry, and rushed to the Bells, next door, ten minutes late for a seven-o'clock dinner. Of the four couples in the party, two of the men were regular traveling companions of Ketchum's; the other was an outsider—rather a wet blanket, as is any stranger in an intimate circle, for he always took the 7:58 and frequently missed the 5:19, and unpopular too, because early in his residence at Carrville he was reported as saying that he had been there long enough to learn that commutation is correctly spelled with four letters, ending in "double l." The conversation at dinner and during the bridge game afterward consisted of narratives of the women's experiences with domestics, interspersed with jokes by the men growing out of occurrences on the train and remarks concerning business aside among themselves. Some gossip about how Train left his family provided for was the only diversion from these customary topics. The church clock around the corner struck a doleful twelve as Ketchum, worn out, sank into bed, after having arranged his clothes, as a fireman does, in serial order from inside outward, so as to be most expeditiously got into on rising, and he lapsed into unconsciousness with the thought that his sleep would be eighty minutes short of normal.

NEXT morning Ketchum bolted his breakfast and, just as the sun shone clear above a bank of clouds on the horizon, walked with measured steps to the station, arriving coincidentally with the 8:12. As he climbed aboard, he remarked to his neighbor:

"Why people will live in town when they might enjoy the country, I can't understand."

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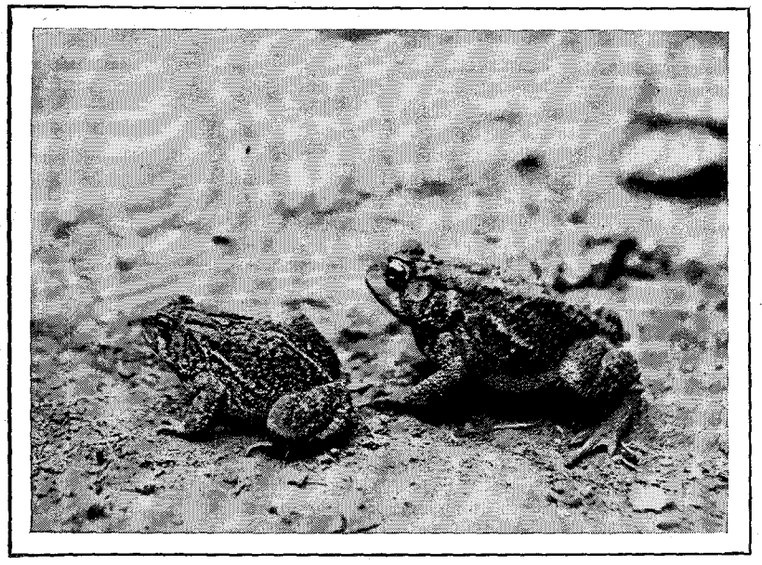
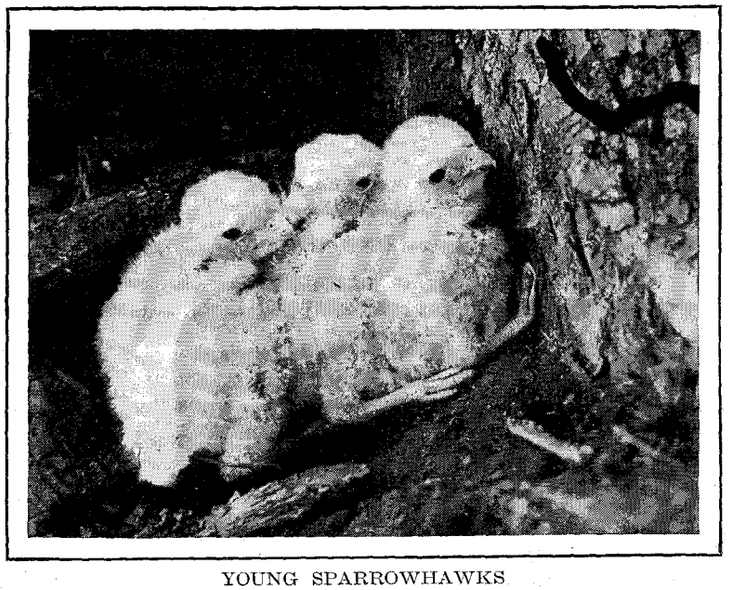
SKIN, FEATHERS, AND FUR

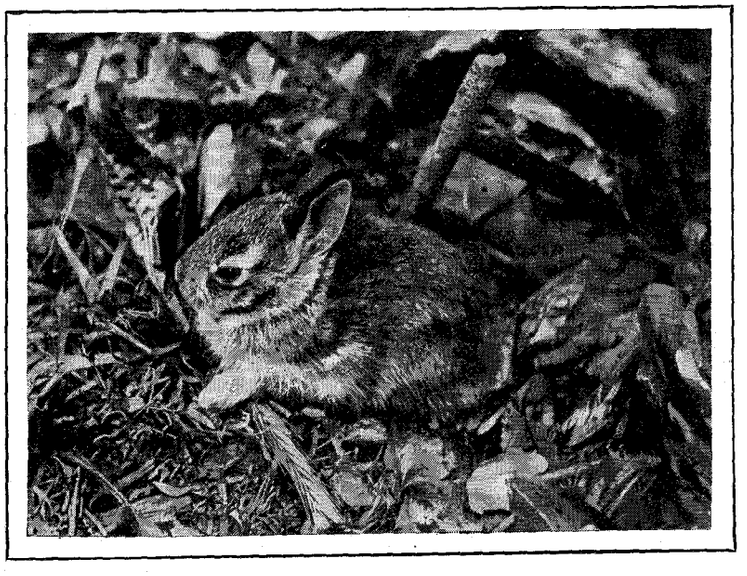
PICTURES FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



BILLY AND MAUD STARTING ON A JOURNEY FOR FOOD—BILLY LEADING THE WAY



YOUNG SPARROWHAWKS



"BUNNY"

From G. D. Smith, Richmond, Kentucky

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THE BOOK TABLE

POETRY AND PEOPLE

IN a recent number of the "New Republic" there is a review by Miss Amy Lowell of "Punch," Conrad Aiken's latest volume of poetry. This is not to be a study of Aiken's "Punch" or a study of Miss Lowell's study of "Punch." It has only to do with a bit of literary philosophy contained in the last paragraph of Miss Lowell's review. Here is her dictum: "That 'Punch' is miles over the heads of the public need scarcely be stated, but—and possibly even for that reason—I am willing to suppose that it holds the future firmly in its grasp."

Perhaps I am mistaken, but I have always been under the impression that food was something to be eaten. The battlemented pastry in a caterer's windows may be a delight to the eye, likewise the rented fruit piece on an English dining table, but somehow these specimen pieces contribute little to the nourishment of the human race. I wonder if there is not a parallel to be drawn between such pastry, such fruit, and poetry which is "miles over the heads of the public."

The search for an answer to this question opens up long avenues for thought. One might begin by trying to compile a list of unread books of poetry which have really lived. I do not mean books which have lived only in the theses of Doctors of Philosophy. I mean books which enter directly into the spiritual fabric of our present thought. When I ask for the names of these books, I feel very much like assuming the attitude of a Congressman, conscious of the irrefutability of his arguments, who is about generously to remark, "I pause for a reply." That phrase is seldom used by speakers who expect any other answer than the echo of their own voices.

If you will grant my premise that books which are unread can hardly be said to live, I should like to amble for a while down some of the other avenues of thought opened to view by Miss Lowell's pontification.

I think Miss Lowell was attempting to praise Aiken's last volume when she said, " 'Punch' is miles over the heads of the public," but I doubt extremely whether a poet should feel flattered by such a statement. Whether or not he does, of course, depends upon his own definition of poetry and its function.

Some years ago Joyce Kilmer asked me, on about two hours' notice, to take over his evening class in the writing of poetry at New York University. I assented with misgivings which were more than justified by the result. The best I could do was to prolong the agony of comment and interpretation for some three-quarters of an hour. In desperation I finally called for questions from the class. There was silence for a moment, and then a lady of the severest mien rose and asked: "Mr. Pulsifer, what is poetry?" I did not know the answer to her question then; I do not know it now, although I do know that a great many of the rhymed and unrhymed lucubrations which drift into the Outlook office do not fall within that mysterious category. I should, for one, be quite happy if I could believe that I always recognized poetry when I saw it, even though I might not be able to define and describe the qualities that differentiated the false from the true.

It is perhaps less difficult to define one's conception of the function of poetry than to lay down rules for its recognition, just as it is easier for a child, if it is asked, "What is a horse?" to answer, "Why, a horse is something to ride on," than it is for this same child to give a definition which will satisfy a trained scientist.

It is the function of poetry, as I conceive it, to interpret man to man. There are certain experiences, emotions, hungers, and desires which are common to all humanity. They are to be found in the hearts of that public to which Miss Lowell refers just as certainly as they are to be found in the hearts of poets and philosophers. These experiences, emotions, hungers, and desires comprise the fundamentals of life. They have changed little, if any, since the days of Homer. Yet to every generation since that time they have come with the force of a new revelation. To every individual in each generation they have presented a bewilderingly complex mystery, a Cretan labyrinth illumined only by a faint and flickering starlight from the past.

To know that others have lived through these same experiences, that others have felt hatred and love, that others have hungered and desired, is of itself a step towards the understanding of our own aspirations. The world is less lonely when we conceive of it as peopled by spirits who have laughed as we may laugh and who have wept as we must weep.

These fundamentals of life, so common and yet so strange, are the materials from which the poet must work his miracles of understanding. It is his task to clarify human experience and to crystallize his interpretation thereof in a form imperishably beautiful. This conception of the function of poetry excludes nothing which men have found enduringly worth while either in structure or content.

To say that it is the function of the poet to interpret life is not by any means to say that the poet should be didactic in aim or concerned chiefly with moral problems. One of the things that every editor knows is that the verse which is submitted for his consideration with some such introductory appeal as, "I have shown this poem to my minister and he tells me that it ought to be published because of the Good that it will do," seldom deserves even a cursory reading. The spiritual end of poetry is seldom to be attained by the attack direct. The realization of the finer ambitions of life, like the realization of happiness, is not to be had by those who pursue such realization relentlessly. Poetry finds its opportunity for interpretation of life, not in premeditated exposition, but in illustration and practice. Perhaps it may be possible to make this point clearer by citing a few poems which have been of high service in the world, and which by no possibility can be considered as "over the heads of the public."

It might be well to begin with a writer whose work has supplied many people with an excuse for regarding themselves as intellectually superior to the common run of folk, and yet a writer who, when he chose, spoke with the clearest and simplest of voices. I am thinking of such a poem as Robert Browning's "The Last Ride Together." Certainly such a poem is not didactic in purpose. It is no handbook of conduct for rejected lovers, and yet I think there must have been many thousands who have drawn courage and understanding from that poem, the courage to take up their life again with heads held high, ready to say with Cyrano, "I may have lost everything, but not *mon panache*." Browning in a single dramatic poem has gone straight to the heart of an experience as old as the world, as new as the youngest flower. He has given the power of his vision to others, and for that reason "The Last Ride Together" will live when the cryptic mazes of "The Ring and the Book" have long ceased to worry any one save thesis writers and historians. The same quality of understanding and illumination is to be discovered in such poems as Wordsworth's "She Was a Phantom of Delight," in Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," in (here perhaps for a more restricted audience) Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven," and in Poe's "To Helen," and in Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn." This is a diverse catalogue of poems, covering, if not all the aspirations of life, at least some which have touched every spirit.

It would be a hardy critic who ventured the thought that any of these poets had, in the instances which I have cited, written down to the public in order that he might be understood. There have been poets who have written down, and at times gained a sweeping popularity in their own generation, but they have paid for it by oblivion in the years that followed. They have gained their popularity, not by simpleness of utterance and clarity of understanding, but by riding upon the wave of some temporary enthusiasm. In his own time Tom Moore attained an eminence denied

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to many better poets, yet who would exchange the name of Tom Moore for that of Keats or Shelley?

Some other formula for the measurement of enduring worth must be found than a critic's pronunciamento that a poem is "miles over the head of the public." After all, it is the public which, in the final analysis, is called upon to determine whether the verdict of time shall be thumbs up or thumbs down.

HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

BEN THORPE. By Arthur Crabb. The Century Company, New York. $2.

The fictitious biography of a boy who hated women, or thought he did. How love fought against his sub-conscious mind is here told with a result easy to foresee.

CHARMED CIRCLE (THE). By Edward Alden Jewell. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.50.

A first novel by an author who writes with vivacity and feeling about the adventures of an American boy in Paris who is unrestrained in his pranks and plots by an eccentric and incapable old guardian.

GALLANT OF LORRAINE (A). By H. Noel Williams. 2 vols. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $10.

All lovers of the romantic in literature and life should enjoy the history of a second d'Artagnan, such as we find in Mr. Sabatini's new novel, "Scaramouche," or in the just-published two volumes containing the translation of Marshal Bassompierre's memoirs. It seems strange that they have not hitherto been translated into English. They make lively reading. In the first place, they recount the history of one who was soldier, courtier, diplomatist, and wit, and whose career was certainly among the most fascinating in French history. A Lorrainer by birth, we see him at an early age presented to the King, escorting Gabrielle d'Estrées to Paris, narrowly escaping being killed by the Turks, having a love affair with Marie d'Entragues, carrying on dueling and gambling, going as Ambassador to Spain and to England, effecting a reconciliation between the English King and Queen, rising to a marshalship, and finally being imprisoned for long years in the Bastille (merely "from fear lest he might be induced to do wrong"), ultimately being released and recovering his post—such was Bassompierre's career. It is worth attention, if for nothing more than to gain a vivid portrayal of manners and customs as they existed three hundred years ago in France, Spain, and England. The volumes offer to us a view of a great international stage. Across it march such figures as Henry IV, Marie de Médicis, Louis XIII, Anne of Austria, Philip IV of Spain, Charles I of England, Henrietta Maria, Richelieu. With all these and many other notable characters Bassompierre had close relations.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

BENEDETTO AND SANTI BUGLIONI. By Allan Marquand. (Princeton Monographs in Art and Archæology IX.) The Princeton University Press, Princeton.

The world owes the priceless monuments of glazed terra cotta at Florence chiefly to the Robbia family. As historian of that family and its contribution to art Professor Marquand naturally finds congenial occupation in noting other monuments in this domain than those of the Robbias; and from these other monuments he, with the notable assistance of Mr. Rufus Mather, has been able to isolate the works of the two Buglioni. These were Benedetto and his relative and successor, Santi Buglioni. They were not pupils of the Robbias. Professor Marquand's learned monograph with its fine illustrations deepens our appreciation of the manifestations of religious art in general and of terra cotta sculpture in particular as shown at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA. By Jerome Dowd, M.A. The Harlow Publishing Company, Oklahoma City.

That the Great War has not only overturned governments but has shaken the foundations of our industrial system, that capitalism is not the final form of industrial organization, that neither radical Socialism, Communism, nor any revolution wrought by violence can be a remedy for present ills, that the revolution certain to come must come by consent, peacefully, and that for such revolution a broader and better education is essential, are the affirmations of this book.

EUROPE SINCE 1870. By E. R. Turner, Ph.D. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $3.

Dr. Turner is a chronicler like Gardiner or Freeman, rather than like Froude or Macaulay. If his work is not over-colorful, it is certainly balanced. To his previous volume, "Europe, 1789–1920," he now adds a naturally more intensive study under the title "Europe Since 1870." The stout volume thus comprises the outlines of history for the past fifty years, or from the Franco-Prussian War to the destruction of the German Empire. Notable as is this period, to the ordinary reader the most interesting part of the volume will, we think, be the author's discussion of "The Settlement of 1920," for it was on January 10, 1920, that the ratifications of the Treaty of Versailles were exchanged and the Treaty put into effect.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

WORKING NORTH FROM PATAGONIA. By Harry A. Franck. The Century Company, New York. $5.

The variety and extent of Franck's travels, his keenness as an observer, and the astonishing copiousness of his narrative place him absolutely in the forefront of present-day travelers. In this book his talents as a narrator are especially evident; the descriptions of the countries of South America through which he traveled and of their people are minute, entertaining, and by no means altogether laudatory—but the author's independence of judgment and frankness of expression add greatly to the value of his writing. The book is one that will inform and entertain its readers to a degree hardly exceeded by any other book on South America.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

ADELE DORING AT BOARDING SCHOOL. By Grace May North. Illustrated. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. $1.75.

BETTY BARKER. By Janet Thomas Van Osdel. Illustrated. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. $1.50.

BOOK OF COWBOYS (THE). By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Illustrated. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. $2.

BOTTLE IMP (THE). By Marion Ames Taggart. (The Jack-in-the-Box Books.) Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

BOY SCOUTS BOOK OF CAMPFIRE STORIES (THE). Edited by Franklin K. Mathiews. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

CEDRIC THE FORESTER. By Bernard Marshall. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

CONTEMPORARY BRITISH LITERATURE. By John Matthews Manly and Edith Rickert. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

CROSS-LOTS AND OTHER ESSAYS. By George Clarke Peck. The Abingdon Press, New York. $1.25.

FRENCH ESSAYS AND PROFILES. By Stuart Henry. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

HOUND OF HEAVEN (THE). By Francis P. Le Buffe, S.J. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENT. By Havelock Ellis. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.75.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

CAN THE CHURCH SURVIVE THE CHANGING ORDER? By Albert Parker Fitch. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

CHRISTIAN'S APPRECIATION OF OTHER FAITHS (A). By Gilbert Reid, D.D. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. $2.50.

CONTENTS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT (THE). By Haven McClure. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

DEFENCE OF PHILOSOPHIC DOUBT (A). By the Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour, F.R.S. New Edition. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $5.

ECONOMIC EDEN AND OTHER SERMONS (THE). By Frederick F. Shannon. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25.

GOD'S ANOINTED. By Mary Katherine Maule. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $1.90.

WAR BOOKS

PLATTSBURG MOVEMENT (THE). By Ralph Barton Perry. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

QUARTERMASTER CORPS IN THE YEAR 1917 IN THE WORLD WAR (THE). By Maj.-Gen. Henry G. Sharpe. The Century Company, New York. $3.

EDUCATIONAL

MODELS OF SPEECH COMPOSITION. Compiled by James Milton O'Neill. The Century Company, New York. $3.50.

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

HERMANN HAGEDORN, Secretary of the Roosevelt Memorial Association and Director of its Bureau of Research, contributes to this issue a vivid description of the Bad Lands of North Dakota, where Theodore Roosevelt lived as a ranchman in the eighties. Mr. Hagedorn in his efforts to preserve the vanishing records of Roosevelt's early life has spent weeks in the Roosevelt country on behalf of the Association. He has talked with those who knew Roosevelt as a ranchman; he has searched the files of old newspapers; he has studied deeds and documents in the archives of North Dakota. There have been many stories published of Roosevelt as a ranchman, but Mr. Hagedorn's researches form the first documented record of this period of Roosevelt's career. The significance of Roosevelt's life as a ranchman in the formation and development of his character cannot be over-estimated.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT, who contributes the second of a series of signed editorials on international questions to this issue, is Secretary of The Outlook Company. He will represent The Outlook at the Disarmament Conference in Washington during November.

THEODORE STEARNS was born in Berea, Ohio, and educated at Oberlin College. He was a reporter on various Cleveland and Chicago newspapers and on the Associated Press in New York and abroad. Later he entered upon a musical career, studying composition at Wurzburg, Bavaria, where he afterwards conducted grand opera and composed his first opera, "Endymion." Mr. Stearns is now considered one of Broadway's leading conductors of light opera.

IRVEN BRACKETT WOOD writes from Appleton, Wisconsin, where he is pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church. If his sermons are as vigorous and as clearly put as his views on the menace of football, his congregation is to be congratulated. He takes delight in "mighty men of valor."

GENERAL TAUFFLIEB was born of an Alsatian family which migrated to France when Germany took possession of the Provinces. He was educated in France and has had a distinguished military career. He is now in the French Senate, representing Alsace. During the war General Taufflieb married Mrs. Trenor Park, formerly of New York. At the outbreak of hostilities, Mrs. Park turned her château at Annel into a hospital and herself attended to the active superintendence of this work until she was driven from her home by the Germans. She bore both the responsibility and the expense of this gift to France.

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Eng. Dept. F

THE ANTIDOTE TO MAIN STREET

THE contest letters published in your issue of September 21 are very interesting to those of us who enjoy studying people and their problems. The fact that seems most prominent to me as I read them is that the average American man and woman are making the best of their lives in spite of adverse environment and drawbacks of all kinds. Here and there the tragic brings the tears to our eyes, such as Anne Marshall's life. The North produces such men, too, though in fewer numbers than the South. The picture of her efforts to escape, and her failures, is most pathetic. There should still be an "underground railroad" for such slaves.

N. Usami, with his "Tragedy of Race," is not nearly so sad. To my mind, instead of being a "man without a country," he is a man with two countries, both of them very beautiful. As to "friends," that lies entirely with one's self. If he desires to be "a friend to man," he will have friends wherever he goes or lives. As to his "God," he is simply mistaken. If, as he says, life to him is "sweet and beautiful, and the spirit of living things, of love, of kindness, of enthusiasm," sustains him, he has the very essence of a personal God. That *is* God, and that same "spirit of love" will lead him to forgive his "own people."

When we read "Aries," we feel as though all the windows had been thrown open and spring had come rushing in, laughing and dancing. We see and hear the baby robins. We get the spirit of good fellowship among those teachers and children. That spirit of good fellowship is more prevalent among teachers than among any other class of people. Cheeriness and fellowship, and this in spite of Boards and the price of board.

I am sorry that "Mrs. Main Street Is Us" made her husband conceal his identity. He gave me such a good laugh, I should like to know him. I, too, know that town, "divided into three parts," like "Gaul." I have a friend teaching in its college.

The letter of "Caduceus" makes me envious. I have always wanted to live at an army post, just to be a member of that "nice, big, sociable family," but I am fated to remain one of those outside "children at the 'Zoo.'" But indeed we do not mean to stare at them as at the "organ-grinder's monkey," but rather we stare because we never tire of looking at straight backs and square shoulders in the uniform we love and we are always interested in the women and children who belong with those uniforms. We cannot help wishing sometimes that they were not so "stand-offish." We would like so much to know them, even though we cannot hope to be in "congenial captivity" with them.

"John Doe" inspires us who are also on the "long furrow," as he proudly speaks of *his* women, *his* neighbors, "the simple treasures of the humble" (we are so apt to forget that it is the meek that inherit the earth), his "flowers down the

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THE ANTIDOTE TO MAIN STREET
(Continued)

urrow," and "all's well with the world." Ve need just the message "John Doe" as sent us in his letter, just at this ime.

Alma Adams has painted a portrait ery familiar to many in her "holy" ather, irritable and fault-finding at ome, jolly and pleasant outside. A etty tyrant in the home, of whom there re so many in every land. Who of us as not known that "grand and glorious eeling" she describes so well on getting ack to the comfortable, though uninpiring home, her own little niche, her wn people?

I would say for the encouragement of Americano," educated and refined, that know an Americano who married just ie right girl and so obtained the Ameriin home life he longed for. He did not reak away from home either. On the ther hand, she adopted the humble easant parents, who could speak no ord of her language, as her own peole. Should this "Americano" find so oble a wife, his "dilemma" will vanish.

I liked Verona Fitzmaurice before I as half-way through her letter, and so her "big baby," big kind bear ontie. I know exactly such a Montie ow, but alas! he has not Verona for a ife. His wife's name is Gloom and she oes not know how to laugh the ringing ugh Verona describes. That is the ecret. Learn to laugh. But can one do in the presence of the mother-in-law roblem? Perhaps in time that problem ill be solved in the courts. Until then ie divorce will flourish and the Montie niors and Aileens will lose the big nd bears who give them "kisses" and mpty their pockets" for them.

On the whole these letters have lifted e fog of depression into which the ading of "Main Street" plunged me—ey show so much heroism. My respect r mine own American people is reored and I thank The Outlook and the riters for that.

LOUISE S. HALSEY.

Battle Creek, Michigan.

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WATER BY DIVINATION

My letter about the hazel twig, which was published some months ago in The Outlook, has shown that there is still a widespread belief in and use of this means of locating water. I have received letters from interested people from different parts of the country—from Boston clear out to the Pacific coast. Some of these letters were asking for more information, some told of success in years past, and none of them were skeptical. Some of the writers had written to The Outlook also and were referred, as I was, to John Fiske's book "Myths and Myth-Makers."

Now Mr. Fiske's testimony about the divining rod amounts to nothing. In the first place, no amount of faith in the efficacy in the rod will make it turn in the hands of a person. The writer believes implicitly in the reliability of the divining rod, but it will not work in his hands.

Here are some facts that cannot be denied and will be sworn to by hundreds of intelligent people.

1. A green twig of hazel, apple, peach, or plum, held a certain way, in the hands of some people, will bend down when the person walks over a stream of water that is underground.

2. The proof is found by digging. Why is it that the rod will bend down at one place and not at another? Why is it that you find water there? If you dig and find water nine times out of ten, there is strong presumptive evidence that the rod is right. If you find water ten times out of ten, it amounts to infallible proof. I asked a man of experience if he ever saw them dig and find no water. He said once, and then they did not dig the specified depth.

3. The depth of the water underground is estimated by the distance that the person travels from the point where the rod will begin to bend until it points straight down. That is, if there is only one stream there. Where there are branches radiating from the main stream it becomes more difficult to tell.

4. Water is found in this way in some of the most unlikely places. In places where you would not ordinarily look for it. The first time I saw the rod used water was found on a knoll, almost the highest point on the farm. Instances like this could be multiplied if one made an investigation.

5. There are houses in nearly every locality in Vermont that are supplied by never-failing springs that were found this way.

6. There can be found hundreds of people in all walks of life who believe implicitly in the divining rod. I have talked to farmers, merchants, mechanics, and professional men who believed in the rod, not because it was an old superstition, but because they had seen it tested.

We still renew our invitation to the editor to come up to Vermont, and I think we can prove to his satisfaction that there is truth in the divining rod.

(Rev.) Robert Clark.

Lyndon, Vermont.

W. L. DOUGLAS

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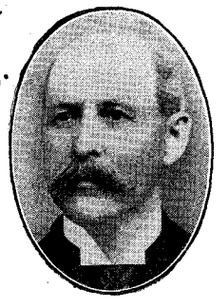

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CONTEST NUMBER FOUR

The Turning Point

WE have all stood at the crossroads. We have all made memorable decisions. To some of us the Turning Point comes early in life. To others it comes ate. For the best letters describing the Turning Point in a life we will award:

a first prize of Fifty Dollars
a second prize of Thirty Dollars
a third prize of Twenty Dollars

Was your Turning Point found in school, in college, in business, in marriage, or failure to marry? Was your decision made with the help of teacher, parent, or friend? Or did you go it alone? Did you come upon it after a disaster or a great happiness? Or an accumulation of little things? Do you regret or rejoice in the Turn that you made?

CONDITIONS OF CONTEST

1. Write your name (add a pen name if you like, for publication) and address in the upper left-hand corner of your letter.
2. All letters must be typewritten on one side of the paper only.
3. Limit your letter to 600 words of average length.
4. Your letter, to be eligible, must reach us on or before October 21.
5. We reserve the right to purchase for publication desirable letters not winning prizes.
6. Unavailable letters will not be returned.
7. The staff of The Outlook will be the judges of the contest.

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CONTEST EDITOR, THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK

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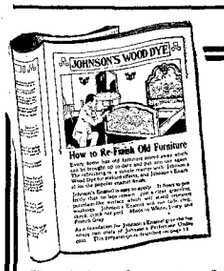

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BY THE WAY

A Western railway's statistics as to the reasons why its laborers leave their jobs contain little stories of human interest. During nine months it hired 1,513 laborers. Of these, 744 did not report for work after being hired (perhaps on account of getting better jobs); 306 quit and gave no reported reason; 182 "wanted to move on;" 23 "didn't like their quarters;" 17 "could not mix in the gang;" 11 were dissatisfied with their food, 7 "had no blankets," 5 "had no rain-clothes," 1 claimed he was disabled by poison oak, and 1 frankly said "he did not like railroad work."

Torpedoes which appeal to three senses—hearing, seeing, and smelling—are now in use on all the lines of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. The new torpedo, according to an announcement by the company, has spring steel or brass clips by which it is fastened to the head of the rail. Each detonation is accompanied by a brilliant flash and a pungent smell. Warning ought to be assured by this triple safeguard.

"One of life's most poignant moments," says the Roanoke "Times," "occurs when the man who is reading aloud to the family comes across 'Dail Eireann.'"

Homeless cats in New York City and in many foreign lands will benefit from the proceeds of an auction sale of Bronx real estate. The lots belong to the estate of Miss Caroline G. Ewen, who left approximately $300,000 to various humane societies to help care for the cats she loved. The will was contested but was held by the courts to be valid.

In an article in an English newspaper on "The Passing of the Country Aristocracy" the Earl of Denbigh publishes a statement of the income and expenses of his landed estate. He received in rent for 1920, £6,442 (about $30,000). He paid out, in taxes and wages, £6,292, leaving himself a balance of £150 (about $750). He continues: "Almost every [English] rural estate is in a state of insolvency. Hardly any landlord can afford to live at his home unless he is in receipt of some other income than that derived from land." This situation probably accounts for the unprecedented number of real estate "bargains" and auction sales that fill the advertising columns of English papers.

A young elephant is as playful as a kitten, according to an article in "Collier's." "It is a far nicer pet than a kitten," the writer goes on, "for it is more careful of injury to its playfellows. Anna May, a ten-year-old elephant much used in the moving pictures, will lie down over a baby, taking the tenderest care not to hurt it." Some of the animal actors in the movies are jealous as to their baby associates, it seems. Mary, a chimpanzee who works in a Los Angeles studio, "delights in dressing and undressing babies, and handles them with tender care. A scene was enacted where Mary was supposed to purloin a baby and then return it to the mother, who was lying in bed. Mary took the baby and returned it, but the mother thought the baby ought to be covered better and raised one arm to do it. What Mary thought no one knows, but she promptly bit that extended arm." Possibly Mary thought the arm meant to do some injury to her pet.

In the order of their intelligence, the article above quoted says, animal actors in the movies are listed thus: The chimpanzee, the horse, the dog, the elephant, the lion, tiger, bear, wolf—these four about alike. The ostrich, goose, rabbit, and snake are the stupid ones. A chimpanzee has a strange antipathy to the dark races. "A chimp likes a white man; but a Jap, or a Negro, or even a dark Mexican cannot pass a chimp's cage without his growling. On a set he might tear them up."

The "Scientific American" characterizes the following museum label as "one of the best short stories ever written:"

"Far back in the past, during that period in the world's history known as the Triassic, the State of Connecticut was largely covered by the sea, and a bay, or estuary, extended as far north as Turner's Falls, Massachusetts. One day, when the tide was out, one of the great reptiles known as Dinosaurs walked along the beach, leaving his footprints in the sand. The tide came in, the tracks filled with sand and mud; in the ages that followed this became stone, and a few million years later, in quarrying stone for New York houses, this track was uncovered."

An example of Spanish wit (from the "Revista Medica Veracruzana").—"Doctor, as soon as I get through with my meals I feel awfully sleepy. What should I do so as not to go to sleep at the table?" Doctor—"Go to bed immediately!"

"Punch's" contribution to a well-known subject of contemporary humor:

"Mr. Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, claims that every workingman should have his own Ford car, and also ice-cream for lunch. Maybe he is right about the car, but surely ice-cream for lunch is an extravagance."

A man who is wedded to a hobby must beware of divorcing his fad and taking a real partner. So a Chicago man said who was devoted to the concertina. "For thirty-five years," he told the judge of the domestic relations court, "I was happy with my concertina, and then a friend said he would get me a wife if I would give him the music box. I took him up. Judge, for two weeks I've had that wife, by name Sophie. I can't stand it any longer. My concertina was worth a dozen women. I could shut it up when I wanted to." "I am sorry for you," said the judge, "but a trade's a trade. You'll have to do the best you can with your Sophie."

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